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A MATTER OF MOONSHINE.

THE new Moon ! and my pockets are penniless—destined thus to continue in poverty for at least a month to come ;—yet, during this unfavorable omen of an empty pocket, I am rejoiced to recognise that heavenly sickle suspended over the door-way of the west. I have been young, and now am—by the by, what age was Æneas ?—I am “senior”—oldish—yet have I never seen, unless once, when I had the jaundice, a new Moon without emotion. A new Moon is a proof of the soul’s immortality, or a presumption—or at least, an analogy—these mathematics have driven in and circumscribed our moral reasoning !—it is a crescent of hope, hung out over the dusky hours of night, and doubt, and difficulty. Oh, how deep are our thoughts, and how gloomy, too—on our own immortality !—all other thoughts are but mere passing fancies in comparison. No man, woman, or child, that could think upon this subject, ever yet dared to express the full reach of that plummet which is ever and anon let down into the bottomless abyss. The renewed Moon—the renewed parent ;—the first is in heaven, in her own peaceful placid heaven ; and the other is enjoying in blessedness the renewal of powers and faculties which time had impaired. Yes, be it so ; invisibles are made known by visibles—things of eternity are imaged out in things of time—coming events cast their shadows before—and the reparation of man is thus displayed in glorious hieroglyphic. Nor has the

conversation of the new Moon been restricted to such inward visitings of the soul ; she has travelled with me, and I with her, over sea and land, mountain and valley—with her I have looked upon the eastern Bramin in his first prostrations, the Hebrew in his tented deserts, and even the Scottish Border reaver in his anticipated foray ; but our pleasantest communings have been in the withdrawals of my early days, in the intimations made when my bosom was young—in her announcements of futurity—of that continuance of foul or fair—of variable or settled—of cold or genial,—the symbols of which lay in the sharpness or rotundity of her points. There she still hangs, the very picture of filial affection—the new Moon with the old, dim, and decayed shell in her arms—Agrippina landing at Brundisium with the urn of Germanicus in her bosom ! See how closely she embraces the departing shadow—how her arms stretch away into curvature ! But it is all in vain ;—a few risings and settings over, and the shadow itself shall be obliterated—“the very ruins shall have perished”—and there shall not remain a trace of that which, but a few weeks ago, shone forth in beauty and in glory from the brow of Heaven. But she is fast approaching towards the wavy line of the mountain ridge, and is diving side-foremost into another hemisphere. Farewell, then, thou soft-footed Queen of Heaven !—silent and still is thy departure—the night clock, the bat, and the cushat, are

consecrated to thy shrine—and all that stilly noise, and tinkling silence, which rests upon or descends from the mountain, imparts an air of heartfelt solemnity to thy exit.

The full Moon!—large, round, and jolly—in the eastern heaven—a vast foam-bell cast forth by the sport of the deep, and floating buoyantly upwards, reflecting from its rotundity the dark image and outlines of things unknown. A thin silky cloud crosses her pathway of ascent—it lies over her elongated disk like a sudden sorrow that has visited the countenance through the heart. But the momentary darkness has passed away;—clearer and more clear—smaller and more small—“beautifully less,” she ascends on her azure pathway, leaving behind her the mountain haze and the horizon cloud—the milky softness of Heaven’s conjunction with earth. Her triumph is now complete. “Like a bonnie blue glass,” she bends her deep-set keen blue eye on all beneath;—she looks in the intensity of her glory upon river, tower, and tree—upon the palace and city—upon the vast and unfathomed ocean—upon the round and embosomed creek—upon the sleeping, the waking, and the dead—upon all that comes forth to forage or that lurks in ambush—upon the simple and inoffensive songster nestled in his bush, as well as upon the villain fox, skulking and prowling for his prey. She looks upon the mountain land, and its hoary cairns and bonnie streams rejoice in her glory—she looks upon the valley-ground, and the dense and white mists gather upon and obliterate every distinct feature; all is sunk, like the cities of the plain, in one wide wavy sea of radiance; and over the busy walks and habitations of men, the land billows are tossed and tumbled. Here and there the spire, and tower, and rock, assume somewhat of the aspect of islands. Is it that some Druidical spell is about to encompass and to dim her glory, or that the aspect of the heavens is suddenly changed? Have the observances of Heaven been practised from time immemorial upon

earth, or does this heavenly circle repeat the image of earthly practice? Thin, light, and rakish messengers detach themselves from the southern horizon, and onward they travel with accelerated speed. But the mysterious hand of enchantment has arrested their advance, and ever and anon, as they approach to the consecrated halo, they suddenly disappear—they melt into air, and are seen no more. As the Eastern worshiper prostrates himself and unshoes his feet at the threshold of the Divinity—so do these worshiping vapors put off their tread and visible footing in their more immediate approach to the temple of the Queen of Heaven.

The Moon is in her last quarter—decay hath sorely visited her full-grown strength. Her second childhood hath arrived, and all is now inverted; her very frame-work is turned upside down, and she hangs her gloomy and formless decay, in solemn indistinctness, over the mountain heads. This is the last night of the waning moon; well known to hind and matron old—that night on which evil was abroad, and mischief was accomplished—children were stolen from their cradles—cows were elf-shot at the stake, or in the field—and gambols, of an unearthly guise, were held in cave and glen—old women rode abroad on broomsticks, and Lapland was peopled with Fife witches. This is the night, or rather the morning, when churchyards were known to relent, and sheeted death walked abroad, in the awful semblance of parent, lover, friend—when the nightmare pressed large and heavy on the wrestling soul, and the clammy dew sate on the brow even of vigorous manhood—when journeys undertaken at the approach of dawn, were eminently unsuccessful, and all nature felt and owned that the Prince of Darkness had power to triumph.—Yes, this to me has often been, and still is, a night, a season of solemn, deep, and peaceful happiness—as, after having extinguished the midnight taper, I view in the descending and dying planet, that emblem of man’s glory,

ambition, power, which is at once so striking and so instructive. There is even a luxury in such mournful and serious reflections, which, coming upon the back of long study, and mental exertion in particular, has a tendency to elevate rather than to depress—to solemnize into acquiescence rather than to damp into inactivity.

The seasons have their sun; and distinctly, in his progress, does he mark out and define their various aspects. The dark features of winter—the soft flush of spring—the florid tinge of summer—with the yellow radiance of autumn—are all the daughters of him who plays at bo-peep with our planet, now retreating, now advancing, in the mysterious horn-pipe of planetary revolution. But the seasons have their Moon too—their own Lady Moon—who, though far less marked and distinct in her seasonal aspect, has still her shiftings, her spring, summer, autumn, and winter visitings of the shepherd's soul, who, from Ida's top, eyes "the blue vault;" or of the farmer's heart, who, from his own cornfield, "blesses the conscious light."

Is not there a Moon of spring? Let the lover say, who sees the crescent figure, soft and lovely, 'midst the ringlets of wavy light, as the gloaming melts into moonshine, and he begins to recognise his shadow along the opposite hill side. Let the fisher say, as he returns slowly and heavy loaded from his bewitching and late-protracted amusement, where the lapwing screams and flaps, and dives over head, and the stream gurgles less and less, in his mountain ascent. Let the husbandman say, as he concludes and closes up his day's labor under the kindly superintendence of a luminary, whose outgoings, from of old, have been with the tiller of the soil, and the reaper of the field.

Is not there a Moon in thy majesty, oh, summer radiance! or art thou only hung out, in diminished splendor, over that glowing nocturnal twilight, to satisfy the Earth, that though superseded, thou art not suppressed—

though dimmed, thou art not extinguished? It is true, that the sailor boy, as he whistles on the breeze, and eyes thy broad pathway of sparkling radiance along the placid deep, could dispense with thy presence. It is true, likewise, that the traveller whose utmost efforts cannot mark the point in time, or in the northern horizon, where evening twilight ends, and morning dawn begins—whose path is overspread before him with all the yellow radiance of a June night, could prosecute his journey unaided by thee. It is besides true, that the sons of Belial, in all their varied hues of evil, these lovers of darkness rather than of light, are annoyed and offended by thy presence. But it is likewise true and of verity, that thy summer visits are sweet and sacred to religion, and to friendship, and to love,—to religion, as plaided she kneels beneath thy benignant countenance to the God that created, the Saviour that re-created; to friendship, as she grapples hand to hand in the summer dusk, and pours forth the breathings of the heart; and to love, to infinite, inscrutable love, as she haunts her glens and awaits her interviews—as she feels pulse avowing to pulse, and soul commingling with soul!—Oh, Moon of the summer night, how doubly dear hast thou been, and still art, to me!—I owe thee much.

Comes not the Moon of harvest in wisdom and *providential* benevolence? Night after night, even unto the northern rising, does she not ascend on her upward pathway, at the same hour and with undiminished radiance? Shame on that wisdom, which, in the folly of its devisings, would refuse to man the solemnity and comforting of second causes—that would strip God's general arrangements of particular object, and, in the vanity of human discovery, would sink the God and elevate the man—would strip the husbandman and the laborer of harvest, of the conviction that such arrangements are not only intentional, but benevolent—that there is light in his upland and inland, in his glens, loanings, and stack-yards,

because the source of all light has had regard to his needs—because the same benevolence which has sent his Sun to ripen, has likewise commissioned his Moon to secure, the fruits of harvest. Cheerful, oh delightfully cheerful, is the harvest Moon, and as distinct from all other Moons, as the season is separated from all other seasons! Is it that the necessity has again returned, and, along with this, the returning supply? Is it that the luminary which appeared lately superfluous, has now become eminently and conspicuously useful? Is it that the mighty heaven has again resumed that deep-blue dye, from which the Moon looks forth so lovely,—that the hazy milkiness of a summer night, when

“The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills,”

has given place to the purity and brightness of a harvest heaven? All these circumstances have, indeed, their influence; but the prime and predominating cause is to be looked for, and to be found elsewhere—in the heart, namely, of the percipient, rather than in the objects perceived in the exulting feelings of man—now walking in the garb of accomplishment, for hope has yielded to possession, and accomplishment has succeeded to effort.

But winter, after all, is the season of Lunar supremacy. In other seasons her presence is useful—in this it is indispensable—indispensable, from the extremity of Greenland to the Mountains of the Moon—from the Isles of Japan to those of Galipago. The Sun is now ashamed, as it were, of his own impotency, and hastens to hide his head from that barren and uncheered sterility, which he has not the power to enliven. His movements on the extremity of the horizon are like the flights of the landrail,—short, curved, and far-between. But his absence is nobly relieved by the sister orb. Over a landscape of uniform brightness, she flings forth from the east her unquenchable radiance. There is one immensity of blue above

—there is one intensity of white beneath. The mountains are rounded off, and rolled upon each other, as the intermediate valleys lose their breadth and extension. Were it not for the black lines which lie on the slope, and hang, as it were, in separate pencils, from the brow of the hill—from which is heard, amidst the tinkling of frosty silence, the voice of descending water;—were it not for those markings off, and definers of distance, even distance itself would cease, and heaven and earth would appear as ever mingled into one. This assuredly is the hour, and this the season, of favors and enjoyments; the bracing efforts of the frosty air are felt, not only on the body, but in the soul,—the veriest clown and clodpole is now smart and witty. The outgoings of the breath are like the steamings of a kettle—and the distinct articulations of the voice are heard from Dan to Beersheba. The curler is still at his sport;—the sun has arisen, and the sun has set upon his contest,—a contest in which the prowess of two rival parishes is to be tried and determined;—and still you may hear the stone booming along the rink—the rap and the rattle of collision by the tee—and the sudden and frequent breakings forth of irrepressible delight—of exulting triumph. Around that dark and dense knot—twisted and twined about the tee—the skater moves in graceful circles—smooth, sliding without step,—whilst the gingerbread basket still lingers with its necessary and delicious supplies. The boy is abroad, in all his school-boy glee;—he is all eye and ear,—eye to watch the movements of the hare, as she comes—downward and downward—with frequently arrested advance—from the mountain to the kail-yard;—ear to hear, and voice to chide the bay of the house dog—which ever and anon delays or retrogrades her movements.

The lover, too, is visible in the moonshine of winter. His, however, is no obtrusive and ostentatious pathway—he walks alone beneath preci-

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pices, and under the dark shadowings of woods and mountains. She, the beloved of his heart, to whose habitation he is hastening—whilst the crisp and solid snow bears him safely over bog and fen—awaits him beneath that evergreen holly—all covered and laboring as it now is with the incumbent load. There she has listened, and from thence she has looked out, for forty minutes, and is prepared to aver that she has been detained as many hours. There is a snug warm spot beneath that close thick-leaved holly, where cold cannot penetrate—or, if it could, there are bosoms there proof against its influence—

“The cock may crow, the day may daw,”
and still that holly shade,⁵ which has
now shifted from the west to the east-

ern side, continues true to its trust. The lovers are only thinking of parting.

All those things are true—and a thousand more that might be sung or said, on Lunar influence—on the delights, with which such lucubrations cannot fail to inspire every observer of nature. There is a purity, a refinement, as well as a delight, in such reveries;—and if any individual who has perused these recollections, shall feel at the same time a response to them in his own, he cannot fail to be satisfied. But if, from local disadvantages, or constitutional disqualification, he has never “felt what I have felt, or been where I have been”—then he will have the goodness to recollect that this is all

“A MATTER OF MOONSHINE.”

THE ORANGE.

THE glory of that delightful country, the neighborhood of Nice, is the orange tree, which, when full grown, attains the height of about five and twenty feet, and is graceful in all its parts. The trunk and older branches are of a delicate ash color; the twigs of so soft a green that they almost appear transparent; the leaves are moderately large, beautifully shaped, of a fine healthy green, and shining on the upper sides, while the under ones have a slight appearance of down. The flowers, which are in little bunches, and very graceful in their form, are, in the sweet oranges, of a delicate white, and, in the more acid varieties of the family, lightly marked with pink. Some plants have a more powerful odor, and are for the moment more rich; but there is a freshness in the aroma of an orange-grove which never offends or cloy; and as the tree is at one and the same time in all stages of its bearing—in flowers, in fruit just set, and in golden fruit, inviting the hand to pull and the palate to taste,—it is hardly possible to imagine any object more delightful. The

perfumes of Arabia do not exceed the fragrance of the groves on the north of the Mediterranean, in which the beautiful white Provence rose, the turberose, and countless other flowers, blend their sweets with that of the orange; and where, with all this richness, the pestilent airs of the tropics, and even the *sirocco* of the southern parts of Italy, are altogether unknown. This delightful fertility and fragrance accompany the chain of the Apennines round the whole gulf of Genoa, and until, upon the boundary of the plain of Tuscany, they subside in elevation, and bend more towards the Adriatic.

Tuscany is further to the south; but the climate and the vegetation cannot be compared to those of the little valleys of Provence and Liguria, especially the latter. About Florence, there are still orange-trees in the gardens; but there are none of those aromatic groves and plantations which are found further to the west. Nor are the causes difficult to find out. There is an enemy each side of the plain of Tuscany, which will not al-

low the orange to arrive at perfection. The gales that come from the south-east, over the sandy shores near Leghorn, are not adapted for a plant which, as well as heat and pure air, requires a considerable quantity of moisture; and the winds from the north, that are cooled in passing over the Adriatic, are not so genial as those from the Alps that are warmed in passing over the vale of Lombardy. But still the olives, the grapes, and the melons of the vale of the Arno, in so far compensate the inhabitants for the want of the orange.

Eastward of Tuscany, though the coast of Italy inclines still further to the south, it is even less adapted for the production of the orange; the sea-coast is barren, the interior is dreary, and over the whole the pestilent *malaria* creeps, forbidding man to approach even for the cultivation of the fields; and thus it may be that, ere long, the arid downs by the sea will meet the marsh of the interior, and the centre of Italy shall be desolation to the very base of the Apennines. After the gulf of Gaeta is passed, and the shelter of the more elevated mountains of Calabria is obtained, orange groves again make their appearance.

Thus the locality of the orange depends fully as much upon situation and soil as upon latitude; and therefore we need not wonder that, considering the many and varied lands in which it is cultivated, there should be so many varieties of its fruit.

Looking at the facts, we are induced to infer, that, if the temperature be sufficiently high for maturing its flavor, the orange is delicious in proportion to the uniform salubrity of the air; and that those high temperatures which force a very large expansion of the fruit, are against the fineness of its quality. In this respect, we have an opportunity of contrasting both the oranges of islands and those of continents. St. Michael's, in the Azores, and Malta, are both small islands; the former always exposed to the equalizing breezes, which, from whatever quarter

they blow, are always wafted across the expanse of the Atlantic; and the latter lying near the dry and sultry shores of Africa, and, of course, subjected to more changes of season and a higher temperature. There is also some difference in the soil. Whether it be the decomposition of the rock, or saline particles, brought by the same pestilent wind that withers the south of Italy and Sicily with the *sirocco*, it is well known, that under the artificial earth (brought originally from Sicily) which forms the soil of Malta, there gathers a crust; and that if the earth be not trenched, and this crust removed at the end of a certain number of years, it ceases to be productive, or the produce becomes so bitter, that it is not healthful. St. Michael's has no such disadvantage; the soil there is native and fertile, and deposits nothing calculated to injure its fertility or impair the qualities of its produce.

The oranges of the two islands are such as one would expect from those differences: the Maltese orange is large, the rind is thick and spongy, the glands that secrete the volatile oil are prominent, the pulp is red, and there is a trace of bitterness in the taste; while the St. Michael's orange is small, the rind is thin and smooth, the glands less prominent, the volatile oil in smaller quantity, and the lighter colored pulp more sugary and delicious.

The modifications produced by differences of soil and climate, in the same vegetable, are among the most important inquiries in the science of plants; and they are at the same time among the most difficult, and certainly the least attended to. One principal source of the difficulty lies in the observer being as much changed as the thing observed. Those who are parched with thirst do not stop to analyze the water, or descant upon the flavor of whatever beverage they may have recourse to for slaking it. The removal of the painful sensation is to them far more delicious than the purity of the most limpid spring, or the

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flavor of the choicest wine. Just so with man when he is panting under a burning atmosphere: the fruit which is most delicious to him is that which is most cool. This necessary change in the judge, as well as the thing judged of, must never be omitted when we come to compare the fruits of different countries as reported of by those who have enjoyed them there; and we never can be certain of their real merits till we have them decided by the same individual under the same circumstances. To take a case in point: a guava, apart from its rarity, is certainly not in this country anything comparable to a peach; and yet those who have been in tropical countries talk in raptures of the guava, and say that the fruit grown here is inferior and degenerated. But they should bear in mind, that in the tropical countries there is the tropical zest, as well as the tropical flavor. The man who traverses a mountain country in the north, heeds not the glittering fountains that issue from every rock around him; but send him from Suez to Basora, or from Morocco to Fezzan, and he would remember them with veneration.

But, again, we have a further confirmation when we compare the continental oranges. The climate of the slopes and valleys of the Estrella, near the lower Tagus, and that of the Maritime Alps, and the Apennines, in Provence and Liguria, are certainly very different from the climate of Andalusia. The diversities of surface, and the vicinity of the sea, keep the air over the former places in continual play and motion, and prevent those intense heats which unquestionably (though by a process which chemistry has not yet fully investigated) render the juices of plants acid, acrid, or saline; while, from the wider extent of Andalusia, and its comparative distance from the ocean, the air over it is, in the warmer months, much more quiescent.

These considerations will, to a certain extent, explain why there are so many varieties in a fruit, which, according to the authorities, appear all to have come from the same part of the world; and a further extension of these considerations would form a criterion of the situations in which it would, or it would not, be desirable to cultivate the orange.

AN EVENING IN FURNESS ABBEY.*

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

OfT had I gazed on those two Effigies,
When to the solitary mountain-gloom
Sent devious from my pilgrimage, by force
Of those fine impulses that bear us on
From awe to awe, till suddenly is found
Some glorious vision that we did not seek,
Nor knew was on the earth; and of the
dreams

That came to me from out the ruin'd Pile,
Legend surviving dimly when the moth
Hath eat to dust the hoary chronicles,
And ballad sung with many a various voice
In different glens, by maidens at their wheel
To wondering children, or at hour of noon
In gay hay-harvest, 'neath the hawthorn
shade,

To Toil by music to his strength restored
As if by dropping dews—by sweet degrees
My soul form'd to itself a history
Of the Dead figured thus—a Tale that grew
Almost unconsciously and unawares;

As one who wandering through the rich-
stored woods

In dreamy idlesse, ever and anon
Plucks here and there a ground-flower,
till, behold!

Yellow and blue and purple, in his hands
One gather'd constellation! that illumines
With sudden beauty all the wilderness.

In days of yore, these pleasant realms—
now stretch'd

In variegated beauty from the dip
Of the low hills in which the mountains fade
Away from the Lake-land, into wide bays,
And far, far off to beacon'd promontories—
Were forest-grown even to the very Sea;
Nor wanted Walney's storm-beat Isle, now
bare,

Its murmur of old groves, nor Fouldrey's
Pile

Its stately sycamores that loved the spray
Of the rock-scaling tide. The horizon hung

* Continued from page 92.

On trees, round all its dark circumference;
While here and there, a Church-Tower
 lifted up

Its peaceful battlements, or warlike Keep
Frown'd on the cliff, the watchman's sun-
 tipt spear

Far glancing o'er the woods. Hundreds of
 huts

Were hidden in that silvan gloom,—some
 perch'd

On verdant slopes from the low coppice
 clear'd;

Some in deep dingles, secret as the nest
Of robin-redbreast, built among the roots
Of pine, on whose tall top the throistle sings.
Hundreds of huts! yet all apart, and felt
Far from each other; mid the multitude
Of intervening stems, each glen or glade
By its own self a perfect solitude,
Hush'd but not mute, for many a little
 stream,

Now dead, then sung its sweet accompa-
 niment

Unto the ceaseless warbling of the birds,
And silence listen'd to the frequent chant
Of stated hymn that from the Abbey rose
By nights, and days as still as any nights,
Each echo more mysterious than before,
Far, far away reviving, and at last
Evanish'd, like a prayer received in heaven.

Oh! let one Hut be rescued from the dust!
And let its thousand rose-balls burn again
On porch-wall roof, and let the self-same
 dews

There lie unmelted by the morn that rose
Hundreds of years ago! Oh! back to life
Return Thou in thy matchless beauty—
 Thou

Whom Love and Wonder in the olden time
Baptized in tears that flow'd from very bliss,
THE FLOWER OF FURNESS! by no other
 name

Known to the dwellers in the woods, when
 life

Rejoiced to breathe within a form so fair;
Nor now by other name is ever known
That Image lying at that Warrior's feet!

Lo! walking forth into the sunny air,
Her face yet shaded by the pensiveness
Breath'd o'er it from her holy orisons,
She pours a blessing from her dewy eyes
O'er that low roof, and then the large blue
 orbs

Salute serenely the high arch of heaven.
On—on she shines away into the woods!
And all the birds burst out in ecstasy
As she hath reappear'd. And now she
 stands

In a lone glade beside the Fairies' Well—
So named she in delight a tiny spring
In the rich mosses fringed with flowery
 dies,

O'erhung by tiny trees, that tinier still
Seem'd through that mirror, in whose light
 she loved

Each morn to reinstate with simple braids
Into its silken snood her virgin hair,

Unconsciously admired by her own soul,
Made happy—such is Nature's law benign—
Even by the beauty of her own innocence.

Of gentle blood was she; but tide of time,
Age after age, bore onwards to decay
The fortunes of her fathers; and at last,
The memory of the once illustrious dead
Forgotten quite, and to all common ears
The name they were so proud of most ob-
 scure

And meaningless, among the forest-woods,
The poor descendant of that house was now,
But for the delicate Wild-Flower blooming
 there,

Last of his race, a lowly Forester!
Yet never Lady, in her jewell'd pride,
As she appear'd upon her bridal morn,
Pictured by limner who had lived in love
With rarest beauty all his life, in halls
Of nobles, and the palaces of kings,
E'er look'd more lovely through Time's
 tints divine,

Than she who stood now by the Fairies'
 Well,
Imagination's phantom, lily-fair,
In pure simplicity of humblest life.

Hark! hark! the music of a bugle-horn!
And lo! all bright in hunter's green, a
 plume

Of eagle feathers nodding as he bounds
Deerlike into the glade, with bow and
 arrows

Arm'd, but no savage outlaw he, a Form
In stature taller than the sons of men,
Descends of a sudden on the wilderness,
Before that Flower, now quaking in her fear,
Even like her sister lilies, when a flash
Of lightning sheers the woods, and the
 strange growl

Of thunder mutters through the solitude.
But soon that fear expired—or mix'd with
 love,

Such love as innocent spirits feel, amazed
By some surpassing shape of mortal mould,
Earthly, yet lending to the things of earth
A stately, more seraphic character.

Recovering from that tremor, a long gaze
Bound her to what she fear'd and lov'd;
 and then

Folding her hands across her breast, she
 sank

In a submissive attitude meekly down,
And gracefully, with bended knees, saluting
Noble, or Prince, or King!

Even like some Power
Olympian, of that high mythology,
In whose religion fair Achaia held
Perpetual intercourse with visible forms
Balmy and bright with scents and hues of
 heaven,
And oft enamor'd of Earth's Daughters,
 Gods,

Descending to enjoy our mortal love,
Forgot their native skies—that Vision stood
One moment in his majesty, then stoop'd
Lordlike in homage of that lowly maid,

And raised her to his bosom, on the light
Of her closed eyelids letting fall a kiss,
As gentle as when brother lays his lips
On a sweet sister's brow, when on return
From foreign travel he beholdeth her
Whom he had left a child, to maidenhood
Grown up in happiness, a stately flower,
Whom all admire, but few may dare to love!

No sound amid the silence of the woods
Was heard, save moaning faint and far away
The stockdove's voice; and near the Fairies' Well

The beating of that maiden's heart, such sighs

As murmur from the lips of one oppress'd
In sleep by some divine and dangerous dream.

Released from that too dear imprisonment,
At bidding of those princely eyes, and hands
Familiar with command, yet gentle both,
She sate her down obedient, by the brink
Of the pure spring, and knew that by her side,

Although her darken'd eyes beheld him not,
Was that bright Noble with his Eagle-plumes.

"Would that she were within her father's hut,

Escaped from the delight that fill'd and shook

Her soul with dread!" So pray'd she—
but her limbs

Were chain'd as palsy-stricken, and her face

O'erflow'd with powerless tears! Soothed
by sweet words,

Whose meanings yet were indistinct and dim,

But murmur'd in such music as she felt
Could breathe no evil, and could only come
From one who pity had for innocence,
Ere long she lifted up her face, and gave
Again its troubled beauty to the gaze
That look'd into her life! That she was fair,—

That it had pleased God to make her fair,
She knew, as well as that the summer sky
Is felt by all hearts to be beautiful.

Else, wherefore paused each passer by to bid

A blessing on her countenance? Why was she

Alone, among so many maidens, call'd
The Flower of Furness? Yet, if ever pride
Did touch her spirit at that pleasant name,
Such pride it was as one might almost think,
When gazing on the lily or the rose,
Breathes a fine impulse through these Favorites

Of Sun and Air, and universal Nature,
Till shaking off the dew-drops, they expand
In their full beauty, o'er some desert-place
Shedding the lustre of their happiness!

All too divine her loveliness to praise;
But shower'd from eloquent lips and eloquent eyes

Came down upon her now such looks—
rays—words,

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Blended in union irresistible,
That no more could her bosom turn away
From that descent of sound, and light, and dew,

Than rose or lily from the gentle face
Of the flower-loving Sun, when o'er her bed,

Her humble bed in the untrodden wild,
The soaring lark within the rainbow sings!

Within th' embrace, even on the very breast

Of one of England's most illustrious Knights,

By birth illustrious, and by feats of arms
Done for the Holy Cross in Palestine,
As innocent entirely as a dove

In pity prest by some affectionate child
To its fond bosom,—unacquainted yet

With sin, or sin-born sorrow, however near
May be their fatal presence, lieth now—

And God's own eye is on her, and the eyes
Of all his angels in that perilous hour—

The daughter of a lowly Forester!
Too humble to oppose, too blest to fear

The kiss that thrills her forehead! For a name,

That from the far-off mountains to the sea
Was like a household word in hut and hall,

Now murmur'd in her ear; and never maid,
High-born or humble, suffer'd scathe or scorn

From the LE FLEMING, in his glorious youth

Pure as a star, whose light is always pure,
Because its station is aloft, and prayers

From earth prevent its being stain'd in heaven.

It pass'd—that meeting—with the morning clouds!

But oft and oft was with the morning clouds
Renew'd, and by the light of setting suns

And rising moons, and that soft-burning Star

Which ever, so impassion'd spirits dream,
Looks down on lovers like a thing that loves.

And ever as they met by day or night,
That maiden yielded up her tranced life

To the dear dream, which all the while she knew

Was but a dream, and strove she to believe
That it might last forever, though a voice,

A still small voice within the aching depths
Where fear and sorrow struggled, oft did say

That all such dreams were transient as the dew.

And aye at his departure disappear'd
All joy from this dark world. The silvan

shades

Were haunted now by miserable thoughts,
Coming and going ghostlike; what they meant

By their dire threatenings, one so weak
as she

And wretched might not know; but whisperings

Prophetic of some sad calamity,
Of early death and burial, from the hush

Of the old trees would come, and oft did
 pass
 Close by her ear, upon the bed where sleep
 Now seldom dropp'd oblivion. Now the
 Moon,

The splendid harvest Moon, that used to
 shine

Upon her pleasant paths so cheerfully,
 Disturb'd her with a lustre all too fair
 For weary weeper on a sinful earth;
 And something, though she wist not what
 it was,

Something whose shadow was most terrible,
 Oft seem'd to stand between her and the
 stars.

Seldom her old songs now the maiden sang!
 They told of lowly and of happy loves,
 Of true hearts, after many a patient year
 That tried their faith by absence, or the wo
 Of rumor'd death, or houseless poverty,
 Wedded at last, and living all their lives
 In merry greenwood, cheerful as the doves
 That coo'd, or flowers that bloom'd, upon
 their roof.

She durst not sing such happy songs as
 these,

And fain would have forgot the melodies
 In which they were embalm'd! Oh! ne-
 ver now

Had she the heart to chant that ballad old,
 Wherein 'twas shown how once a King's
 own son,

Disguised as a woodsman, came and woo'd
 A Forest Maiden, and at last prevail'd
 On the poor wretch to be his Paramour!
 Who, in a little month, forsaken, died!
 But not till she had broke her parents'
 hearts!

"But not till she had broke her parents'
 hearts!"

A strange voice mutter'd. When she look'd
 around,

She saw that not so much as one leaf stirr'd,
 Or insect's wing, in all the solitude!

And thus there was not one familiar word,
 Or one familiar thought, that could not bring
 The groans from out her heart, as if it lay,
 Her very soul, outstretch'd upon a rack,
 While a dark fiend did snite, till swoonings
 dim

O'ershadow'd all her senses, and despair
 Fell on her worse than death! And this
 was—Love!

But in his passion for that starlike Flower,
 Which, waving sweetly in the woodland air,
 Unto his rapt imagination seem'd
 To show whate'er was fairest, brightest,
 best,

In the created things that beauty breathe,
 More touching far, because so suddenly,
 And far removed out of the lofty sphere
 In which he shone, the new Existence rose
 Almost beyond belief, far, far beyond,
 Even in the grace he loved, all Images
 Of Lady or Queen in fabling Poesy,
 (And he had listen'd to the amorous lays
 Sung to the harp by wandering Troubadour
 In Tent pitch'd by the sea of Galilee,

Or by the desert-well o'ershadowed
 By palm-trees blest by weary pilgrimage)
 In such a passion the Le Fleming walk'd
 Statelier and statelier, like a very god
 Who reigneth in his undivided sway
 O'er his own world; and prouder far was he
 Of the fair maid he woo'd among the woods,
 And of the fragrant lilies in her breast,
 And of those moist celestial violets
 Her disguising eyes, than heretofore
 He e'er had been of smile of high-born
 Dame,

Who, from balcony stooping down, let fall
 To him, the victor in the tournament,
 Her colors, sigh'd for by all England's
 Peers.

From that great Sire, who with the Con-
 queror
 Came over from the warlike Normandy,
 Le Fleming gloried in his lofty line
 Unstain'd, for centuries, by any stream
 Of less illustrious blood! And would he
 wed

The daughter of a Forester? blest Flower
 Although indeed she be! by nature dropt
 Among the common weeds that fade unseen
 Around his lordly feet! No! she shall be
 His Bonnibelle, his Burde, his Paramour,
 To some enchanted forest-bower among
 The guardian-mountains spirited away!
 And there to sing, and sigh, and weep, and
 weave

Disconsolate fancies in her solitude;
 By vows, which Heaven itself will conse-
 crate,

Even at the silvan altar of pure Truth,
 Together link'd forever, far beyond
 The sanctity of Ritual e'er pronounced
 In Abbey's gloom by soulless celibate!
 "To sing, and sigh, and smile, and weep!"

Aye, there
 Despised, loved, pitied, worship'd and
 adored!

For beauty such as hers might be adored,
 In Bower of Bliss, though Sorrow kept the
 door,

And Sin, veil'd like a Seraph, strew'd the
 couch

Unruffled by Repentance!

Oh! my soul!

How glimmering are the bounds that oft
 divide

Virtue from Vice, and from the Night of
 Guilt

The Day-spring of Religion! Conscience
 shuts

Her shining eye, lull'd into fatal sleep
 Even by the voice of Love! or, worst of all
 Imaginable miseries, looketh on
 And listeneth, heedless of her sacred trust,
 On troubled bliss that leads our souls to
 death!

Though God's vicegerent, sovereign of the
 soul,

And showing clear credentials from above,
 Yet even that Seraph, by allurements won,
 Or by severe temptation terrified,
 The Terrene for the Heavenly, (as at night

A marish vapor seems a luminary
Whose dwelling is upon the steadfast skies)
Mistakes most ruefully ; and, slave of Fate,
Walks onwards to perdition ! Witness ye !
Who on the wings of passion, even like
doves
Borne by their instinct o'er untravell'd seas,
Safe in the hurricane, till they gently drop

Into their native nest, vainly believe
That you, like those glad birds, are flying
home
To Heaven, directed by the Polar Star
Hung out to guide us mortal mariners,
While you are hurrying to the sunless clime
Of God-forsaken Sin and Misery !
(To be continued.)

ON THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

It is utterly impossible for a generous mind to contemplate with apathy or indifference the struggles of the combined energies of a people for freedom and independent existence. The abstract idea of slavery, of any kind or degree, has in it something so galling to our natures, that by an immediate and irresistible impulse our sympathies are enlisted on the side of the oppressed against the oppressors, and we are filled with burning indignation against those who, forgetful of their community of origin, would seek to trample on the rights of their fellow men.

The leaders, consequently, of these revolutions in behalf of liberty—the men by whom they have been matured and carried into execution—occupy a commanding situation in the page of history, and their names are endeared by a thousand fond associations to the lovers of freedom in every quarter of the globe.

Nor can it be wondered at if our enthusiasm in behalf of these champions of the good cause, who have periled their lives under its banners in the field, should sometimes lead us to overlook the fact, that they were in many cases merely the blind instruments of faction, without the least comprehension of the true nature of the cause in which they were embarked, or that their motives were frequently those of merely selfish ambition, with no aim save their own personal aggrandizement ; and even when their impulses were of the least questionable kind, how rarely do we find their views extending one jot beyond the overthrow of the obnoxious power, or in the event of success, considering that aught remained to be accomplished, or that the mental energies of a

newly liberated people demanded any strengthening or vivifying force.

And how indeed should it be otherwise, since those who have been raised up by the popular voice as the fittest instruments for inflicting retribution on their oppressors, have been for the most part mere soldiers, men of coarse, and uneducated minds, but who were possessed of unshaken firmness of purpose, and evinced in their capacities unquestionable military talent. The atmosphere of a camp can scarcely under any circumstances be deemed favorable to the growth and cultivation of the intellectual powers ; those therefore who expect to find in these revolutionary warriors, (however ardent and sincere may have been their sympathies with the cause of liberty) the enlarged views and high moral feeling of the true philosopher, or the scrupulous self-denial of the solitary anchorite, will in nearly every instance obtain disappointment only as the fruit of their inquiries. But where such a variety of splendid qualities do centre in one individual, the union must challenge our admiration in proportion to the rarity of its occurrence, and we must feel when contemplating the lineaments of a mind like this, that we are indeed in the presence of an extraordinary man. Yet who will deny that such an one, if ever he did exist, was Washington ! In him this combination of illustrious endowments is eminently conspicuous, and in whatever situation we contemplate him, evinces his mind to have been of no ordinary mould. In the perils of the tented field, and the more intricate arrangements of state policy, he is alike triumphant ; and above all in his noble anxiety for the diffusion

of knowledge, and the expansion of the moral powers, he proved himself to be in truth the benefactor of mankind.

And it is in this light chiefly that we would now wish to consider him, because we feel how salutary it is to withdraw ourselves for a while from the pomp and circumstance of war, and the glare of victory (which are but too apt to dazzle our senses and confound our perceptions of right and wrong), and fix our attention on the self-denying greatness of the moral hero. The struggle too of America for independence presents to the philosophical inquirer some peculiar features beyond the mere naked fact of a colony resisting the oppressive exactions of the mother country—it involved in a remarkable degree the freedom of the human mind and the spread of intelligence and knowledge, since had that country remained in a state of tributary vassalage, it could never have become possessed of any national and independent literature worthy to be so called, and thus the newly developed germ of intellectual power and activity would have been stifled at its birth, instead of shooting upward, as it has done, into a fair and goodly tree, threatening, at no very distant period, to rival in the magnificence of its growth the stateliest monarchs of the European grove. And considered in reference to this fact, Washington proved himself equal to the wants and circumstances of his age, and worthy to be the leader of a revolution in which such mighty principles were involved, and contributed (oh, how glorious a prerogative!) more than any other individual to the moral and intellectual illumination of the western hemisphere.

The public events of his splendid career, (which are now, indeed, matter of history,) are imprinted on the minds of all; embarked in a struggle in which he had unexampled difficulties to contend with, and opposed in arms to the most powerful nation in the world, he displayed in every emergency the most consummate general-

ship, and by his unceasing and almost unaided efforts, brought the conflict to a successful termination, and transformed a tributary colony into a free and independent state. His conduct of the war places him at once on a level with the greatest captains of ancient or modern times, and enrols his name amongst the number of those who have triumphed over all the obstacles that opposed them, and raised to greatness the prostrate energies of a nation.

But far more than all this was included in the labors of Washington. He won, indeed, for his native land the station which she holds on the proud eminence of acknowledged independence; and, not resting here, he legislated also for her benefit, superadding the glories of the civic wreath to the laurels of the conquering warrior; *but* (and *here* he stands nobly forth in contradistinction to the crowd of ordinary revolutionary leaders) he labored to emancipate the *minds* of his fellow-countrymen, and to infuse purity as well as vigor into the currents of national feeling.

Deeply sensible of the vast and important truth, that unless the higher energies of our nature are in some measure awakened, it is in vain to hope for any permanent freedom of thought or action, and that while the minds of men are intent on grovelling and sordid pursuits, the uprooting of one form of government, and the establishment of another, however comparatively advantageous, is but a change in the outward social condition, while the deeper seated habits and feelings remain as much as ever enslaved, he devoted himself with earnest and patient exertion to the attainment of this great end; he taught to his countrymen, by his example no less than his precepts, (that which it is so hard to learn in a republic, where the offices of trust and power are placed within the reach of all, and thus brought home, as it were, as a stimulus to individual ambition,) that there are higher and worthier springs of action than the excitements of pub-

lic applause, and that he who would aspire to deathless fame, must not hesitate for a moment to sacrifice all considerations of present popularity and interest, and devote himself wholly and singly to the great cause of liberty and justice.

The self-denying nature of his mind, built upon with the most uncompromising integrity of principle, enabled him to reject without a moment's hesitation all the allurements of ambition that crossed his path, and resting satisfied with the well-earned praises of his compatriots, he preserved, as the victorious general, and the first magistrate of the state, the same moderation of thought and action which had previously characterised the simple citizen. How earnest, too, as we have before remarked, how unwearied, were his endeavors to diffuse the same contented and humble spirit through every class and degree; and soon as the tumult of arms had ceased, how zealously did he strive to promote, by every means in his power, the intellectual and moral culture of the nation to whom his promptitude and vigor had imparted the blessing of independent existence!

It is indeed viewed in *this* light, as the assertor of mental freedom, the champion of the liberty of the human mind, that the brightest halo of glory will encircle the brows of Washington; it is *herein* that his claim on the gratitude and admiration of posterity must chiefly rest. Considered, indeed, as a warrior and a legislator, a

union of rare endowments in both these departments is in truth entwined around his name; but to fame of this kind, however transcendent in degree, many others can lay claim: when, however, we behold him laboring to exalt and purify the mental perceptions of the people he had freed, and thus taking the surest way to raise them in the scale of nations, we feel that the mind which originated such design may claim to be associated along with such kindred spirits as Luther and Wycliffe, and all who have at any period stood forward as the advocates of free and independent thought. Higher fame than this who would covet? Oh, how immeasurably superior are these truly great names to the mere conquerors of the earth, or even the most inflexible opponents of human tyranny and oppression! but when, as in the case of Washington, all these attributes are united, we are lost in admiration at the simple greatness of such a mind, we feel how rare of occurrence it is, and how proportionably it should be prized and revered.

The contemplation of such a character cannot fail to carry home with it to every one's breast the most salutary and improving thoughts, and the presenting to the view of society such objects as this truly estimable patriot and man, will ever be found the surest way to raise the standard of public opinion on all points relating to moral excellence, and the self-denying heroism of virtue.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

Fancies and notions we pursue,
Which ne'er had being but in thought;
And, like the doating ancient, woo
The image we ourselves have wrought.—PRIOR.

Two little cousins, Edward and Emma, each entered in their fifth year, were inmates of the same dwelling, play-fellows, and much attached to each other. One afternoon, while I happened to visit there, they were both seated on the carpet in the fami-

ly parlor—the boy employed in constructing a house of cards, and the girl in dressing a waxen doll. Emma requested her cousin to hold her mignonette till she adjusted her cap; but he was just about finishing his fragile structure, and refused, with some ex-

pressions of contempt for her darling toy. She resented this so highly, that with one stroke of a tiny but willing arm, she tumbled his castle on the carpet; while he, in revenge, snatched her doll, and tearing all its finery to shreds, flung it to the other side of the room in a state of perfect nudity. They were in too much subjection either to scold or strike; but both sate down in sullen silence, at a distance from each other, scowling most indignant resentment.

"The scene we have just now witnessed," said Emma's father, "affords a most important lesson; it is a true picture of human life—

'Men are but children of a larger growth; Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw.'

And, among the multifarious amusements, or even what we consider the serious pursuits of life, there are few which may not be compared to what we have just seen, and perhaps still fewer from which mankind derive more enjoyment, or experience greater disappointment, than these younglings have exhibited. Castle-building, by which I mean forming plans and schemes for the future, whether rational or visionary, is the universal passion which pervades every rank and age in society. We have now seen that it begins with the first dawns of reason; but it grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength, exercising its influence when we are tottering on the verge of that bourne from whence no traveller returns. Hence, if so large a portion of human happiness arises from this source, is there not something very foolish and ill-natured in people of mature age ridiculing, or endeavoring to demolish, the structure which so evidently affords pleasure to the builder?

"There are only two cases in which our interference can be warranted. The first is, when we see our neighbor constructing a castle, which in all probability will tumble over his head, and bury him in its ruins; but even then we ought only

to warn him of his danger; for we have no right to pull down his castle. The second is, when one, intent on rearing a magnificent fabric, either attempts to place it on his neighbor's property, or acquires the materials by plunder or speculation; or if none of these occur, he may, through pride or vanity, raise a pile so lofty that its elevation is incompatible with the comfort of those contiguous, either by interrupting their view or intercepting the light and heat of the sun: in that case the castle ought to be put down *pro bono publico*.

"The propensity to castle-building seems to have been the first human frailty which ever existed; for our grandmother Eve, by climbing the tree of knowledge, which appeared a shorter process than building a castle, imagined that she should enlarge her sphere of vision, both with respect to time and distance: she did so at her own expense, and that of all her posterity; and hence we may be said to have this desire by inheritance, having sucked it in with our mother's milk. In a few ages afterwards we find a set of hot-brained speculators employed in building literally a Babel castle; and the result was like too many in later days.

"Although among castle-builders there have been selfish and ambitious men in all ages, yet, happily for mankind, they have been either few in number, or with limited power, in proportion to the aggregate of those employed. The sacred records bear ample testimony to the prevalence of this passion, while both ancient and modern history present innumerable instances, of which one from each is sufficient for illustration.

"Alexander the Great, *alias* the Fool, aimed, not at universal empire, but at the glory of being a resistless conqueror; fancied himself the son of Jupiter Ammon, and burnt Persepolis that he might rear a castle in the air on its ruins. Napoleon Bonaparte, with a kindred, but less magnanimous and more selfish spirit, raised a castle of unprecedented height, to the great

annoyance of all around him. Could he have been contented with one of less magnitude, he might have lived happy and illustrious; but attempting to raise it still higher, the fabric became top-heavy, and the whole tumbled on his head. There have been many others, who, although their schemes were less gigantic, and their power more circumscribed, proved very troublesome and mischievous members of society.

But, among the great mass of mankind, their castle-building generally proves comparatively innocuous to all but the builder: indeed it frequently forms a subject of amusement and sport to his neighbors, although they are as busily employed in rearing similar fabrics with different materials. For it may be doubted, whether the most successful, or the most phlegmatic man that ever lived, has not suffered disappointment, either in the fall of some air-built castle, or in his not being able to carry it to the height which he had projected. Either of these events may happen from a variety of causes; such as its being reared on a sandy foundation (which is often the case), being constructed of improper materials, or want of skill in the architect; when none of these obstacles occur, that which was judiciously planned, and prudently carried on to a certain height, may fall more suddenly than it was raised; or stand a splendid ruin, a monument of the projector's skill in scheming, and of his folly in not calculating whether he had the ability to accomplish what he intended.

"There are many who, by their own reckless folly, make the castle topple over their heads at the very moment when they are laying the cope-stone. The milk-maid who by a toss of her head overturned her pail, containing the materials on which her future prosperity rested, and Alcanor, in the eastern tale, who by a stroke of his foot kicked down his castle, just when he had completed the building, are instances of this. But we need not have recourse to fic-

tion; for we every day see it illustrated in real life, as is obvious to every man of common observation. Some tumble down from the haste and inexperience with which they are reared; and in others, which appear more durable, the architect climbing to the top, and gazing from the battlements, becomes giddy with the elevation—his brain whirls, and, precipitated from the height, he perishes in the fall. This seems to have been the peculiar weakness of Bonaparte, to whom I have already alluded; and the height from which he was hurled would have destroyed him, although he had been as tenacious of life as a cat.

"Still I maintain that castle-building is productive of much happiness to man: when one falls, he generally sets about erecting another; and when he does not injure his neighbor, it is wanton cruelty to obstruct his operations, however ridiculous we may conceive them; for ours will, in all probability, appear to him equally absurd. We saw Edward and Emma both happy; and their pursuits, although different, were pursued with an avidity which evinced the pleasure they imparted. The boy would probably have pulled down his house in a few minutes, to rebuild it in another fashion, and the girl would also have undressed her doll before she slept: but to have their operations disturbed before they were completed was an offence not easily forgiven; and we now see two guileless bosoms rankling with bitter resentment against each other. This is a real picture of life in every stage. It is looking forward to something not yet attained, which proves the balm, the elixir of human felicity.

'Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be, blest;'

and, exclusive of that hope which promises a more desirable and perfect state of existence, this is the spring and source of all earthly enjoyment. The young hero

'Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come;
And hears Hope's stormy music in the drum.'

"The fondly enamored pair look forward to the consummation of their love, and long years of uninterrupted domestic felicity. Parents behold their children, in days yet far distant, prosperous and happy. To speak of less noble anticipations—Belinda's heart flutters with delight on entering the ball-room where she is to display her new dress, and dance with Florio. The sporting squire looks with admiration on his favorite blood-mare, calculating on her triumph on the race-course. I have a neighbor who braves the wintry storm, pruning his trees, and sweats in spring and autumn, digging, planting, sowing, weeding, and watering. What does he toil for, but to see the tree shoot, the fruit swell, and the flower expand? He is now past his grand climacteric; yet I found him in March last busy grafting apple-trees, from which he promised me, in a few years, a present of cider superior to any in Devonshire. Syntax has been employed for many years past in making emendations on what he terms the corrupted text of Virgil; and his brother Musaeus has devoted years to the construction and correction of an epic poem. Antiquaris is a collector of old coins, hoping to complete the series of all that have ever existed in Britain since the Norman conquest, and has procured a cabinet for them at an expense greater than he cares to mention; and I have a neighbor who spends several hours every day searching for pebbles, at which he toils with all the avidity and filth of a journeyman lapidary, rubbing and polishing.

"These are all different species of castle-builders; but all are happy, and yet all are doomed to suffer disappointment. Belinda finds a rival whom she hates more splendidly dressed than herself, the admiration of all in the room—and what is still a greater mortification, led down the first dance by Florio. The squire's blood-mare is distanced in the race, and he is *minus* more than he can well afford to lose. My aged neighbor finds his trees broken by mis-

chievous boys, his flowers blighted by vernal frosts, or destroyed by worms; his grafting has in general failed, and, worst of all, he has himself experienced an attack which threatens soon to prove fatal. Syntax has tried in vain to sell his Virgillian emendations, and happily he is too poor to publish at his own risk what would never sell. Musaeus' epic poem has fallen still-born from the press, or, if noticed by the critics, it has been in the same style as Wedderburne, Webster, and Captain Erskine. A stranger, to whom Antiquaris was exhibiting his coins, contrived to pilfer one which cannot be replaced, and the pebble-gatherer finds not one in ten worth the labor of cutting.

"But no matter—these, if not laudable, are at least harmless efforts in castle-building, which have delighted the constructors while the work was in progress; and it would only have been when finished that languor and ennui would have followed. The amiable Shenstone is a remarkable illustration of what I have advanced on castle-building: it was his to experience, in no common degree, its pleasures and its disappointments, the greatest of which was, that he could never attain what he had projected. The Macedonian madman, already mentioned, whimpered like a child, and blubbered like a lubberly school-boy, when he found no more kingdoms to conquer.

"Hope, whether rational or illusory, or, in other words, castle-building, whether founded on a rock or on the sand, is frequently the delight of the sage as well as the fool, and beguiles life of many anxious cares. Therefore I affirm it is unkind to our neighbor to break down his castle, and it is also bad policy to ourselves; for by so doing we shall nine times out of ten make an enemy of him who is, or may be, a friend. With respect to all that concerns the present life, he who wishes to live happily will say with Gray:

"If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

THE WELCOME TO DEATH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

" Shall I abide
In this dull world ?

I have
Immortal longings in me !"—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Thou art welcome, O thou warning voice,
My soul hath pined for thee ;
Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from
shore,

To wanderer on the sea.
I hear thee in the rustling woods,
In the sighing vernal airs ;
Thou call'st me from the lonely earth,
With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth ! since kindred steps
From its green paths are fled,
A dimness and a hush have fall'n
O'er all its beauty spread.
The silence of the ' unanswering soul
Is on me and around ;
My heart hath echoes but for thee,
Thou still small warning sound !

Voice after voice hath died away,
Once in my dwelling heard ;
Sweet household name by name hath
changed

To grief's forbidden word !
From dreams of night on each I call,
Each of the far removed ;
And waken to my own wild cry,
Where are ye, my beloved ?

Ye left me ! and earth's flowers grew fill'd
With records of the past,
And stars pour'd down another light
Than o'er my youth they cast :
The skylark sings not as he sang
When ye were by my side,
And mournful tones are in the wind,
Unheard before ye died !

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner !
Why should the last remain ?
What eye can reach my heart of hearts,
Bearing in light again ?
Even could this be—too much of fear
O'er love would *now* be thrown—
Away, away ! from time, from change,
To dwell amidst mine own !

THE DEATH OF A NEGRO CHIEF.

A RESIDENCE for some years in the West Indies gave me opportunities of witnessing several incidents which may serve to display the lights and shades of the characters who inhabit that land of slaves and bachelors. In the West Indies you meet with men of all characters, of every rank, calling, and profession—from the noble who has been called to fill an honorable station, and at the same time mend his broken fortune, down to the cobbler, who, dreaming of riches, has left his native country with his awls in his pocket, crosses the sea, places himself on a stool, turns up his shirt sleeves, whistles, looks upwards, and dreams of riches still. The inhabitants of the island in which I spent most of my time were, however, so diversified, that you could not look for a general character, except that they were all birds of pas-

sage—all sojourners for the season of the golden shower. Few thought of remaining there for life—for so soon as each had picked up his portion of the shower, he forsook his temporary roost, and sought again the land of his birth. They were a heterogeneous mixture of all nations, who had emigrated from their country under an infinite variety of circumstances. Every one had brought with him a stock of the habits, prejudices, as well as virtues of his nation, besides those which were peculiar to the individual, to which he adhered with pertinacity. Any one, therefore, who has a turn for the study of human manners—who possesses so much of the *suaviter in modo* as to bend himself to their humors, may make himself agreeable, gain their esteem, and need be at little loss to find amusement. The intercourse in such a society is not un-

like one of those entertainments called a pic nic, where every one brings such provisions as he chooses; and when you sit down on the green sward where the delicious tit bits from every one's bag are displayed before you, like the ass between two trusses of hay, you scarcely know where to set your teeth first. There are not a few in Britain who have formed the notion that there is nothing in the west but slaves and sugar planters. But these islands, which lie scattered up and down the ocean like gems, are as fertile of interest and local association as the most celebrated corners of Britain, which have had a halo cast around them by the pen of the novelist. The silken woof of many heart-stirring tales, and the nucleus of many interesting little dramas, are to be found there. Vice has its punishment and virtue its reward there, as in Britain. It is a field of discovery for the novelist, where he may gain as much renown as Columbus.

Pancras was a negro of the Foolah tribe, who had been transported to the West Indies about the age of fifteen. He had thus a very vivid recollection of the condition which he enjoyed in Africa, and the relative situation in which he stood to other Africans. On every occasion he assumed a superiority over his countrymen. His acquaintances, men and women of his own tribe, said he was related to one of the African chiefs, and had been taken prisoner in one of their petty wars with a bordering tribe. Having been sold to an African slave merchant, who transferred him to a slave ship, in which he was conveyed across the Atlantic, he was purchased by a planter in the island of Grenada, who had obtained the character of being kind and indulgent to his slaves, and for several years he enjoyed no small share of his master's confidence, and a peace and security which he never knew in Africa, where war was a common employment. He had a native acuteness about him which might have passed as the effect of su-

perior intelligence and deep reflection; and in everything he did there was a ray of dignity shone through his rude manners, which, contrasted with others of his own nation, marked at once the difference between him and the ordinary negro, and that he belonged to a higher grade in African society. Being mostly about his master's person, he soon contracted a shade of his manners, and received a polish which made him in some degree serve as a substitute for better company. His master did not treat him as an equal, but only as an upper servant worthy of confidence. Yet there seems to be something in the negro character which approaches the disposition of certain wild animals—let them be ever so tame or well polished, there is always danger lest they return to their savage propensities, when the prey is set before them. The conduct of Pancras, when a fitting opportunity presented itself, verified this remark.

The liberals of France wished to carry their follies and absurdities to the most distant and hidden corners of the earth. The emissaries of these ephemeral rulers found their way into the island of Grenada, and having made a stolen debarcation in a hidden creek at an unfrequented part of the coast, they furnished the negroes with a small store of arms and ammunition, and urged them to turn their savage hands against their masters. They were led to believe that when they had cut their masters' throats they would be exempted from labor, enjoy unbounded liberty, and be protected by the French. No sooner were these weapons placed in their hands, than the negroes commenced the work of destruction, and this beautiful island became the seat of a warfare which, though confined to a narrow space, was characterised by the most bloody and revolting actions that have ever been recorded. History would blush for the disgrace of human nature were she compelled to trace them minutely. Instead of the merry drum and the song of joy which were wont to be heard among the slaves in

the evenings after labor, sullen distrust seized every bosom. The broad tropical sun rose in the morning from the bosom of the wide Atlantic, with his beams shorn of their glory by the smoking of woods and plantations.

When the sound of war and carnage was heard, Pancras was among the earliest to leave his indulgent master to join the gang. He was chosen one of their leaders, and deeply concerned himself in many of the diabolical transactions which characterised the negro warfare. Of almost gigantic height, and strong muscular powers, with aspect fitted at once to command his own nation and strike terror to the souls of Europeans, he was therefore well adapted for acting the part for which he had been selected. He stood six feet and a half high, his shoulders were large and broad, his chest round and roomy. The statuary would have found fault in his extremities only, for his feet were large and flat, and his heels projected nearly as far backwards as his feet did forwards. He seldom wore any other covering upon him than a small piece of cloth girt about his middle, and a hat on his head; every muscle, therefore, upon his legs and arms, and over his back, could be distinctly traced. With a block of black marble instead of white, and Pancras for a model, the statuary who could correct any little break of nature might have realised the idea of the antediluvians, or the fabled Patagonians. It cannot be said that in the expression of countenance he differed much from others of his nation. A conical head, high cheek bones, lips which projected much farther than his nose, and a nose the lower part of which extended from side to side of his face, and the upper end sinking below his forehead, are the common characteristics of the African countenance. Pancras's smile was exceedingly rare, but when he parted his lips to express a smile, he showed a set of large regular teeth almost transparent with whiteness. His eyes were larger than any of his

nation I had ever seen; and as the white part was contrasted with the jet black countenance, they flared upon you like lights suddenly displayed in darkness; and when roused into anger, you could perceive the whole savage soul of the negro flash across you like lightning. Pancras was tattooed over the back, shoulders, and breast, with a due regard to the station he had been designed to fill in Africa. This consists in certain marks being made with an instrument during infancy, and which remain through life as indelible as the marks made upon the bark of a tree, and serves the purposes of a badge of nobility far before a star or a ribbon, for neither age nor dishonor can take it away. It had been predicted by an old negro, who was in high repute for his skill as an *obi man*, or wizard, that Pancras would one day be king of the island, and rule after the fashion of his brethren in Africa. This old pretender to pettifogging necromancy had obtained such ascendancy over his countrymen that they believed his mummeries to be infallible, put implicit faith in his obscure responses, and dreaded his power. The qualities of his person, which were of high repute among the Africans—for they say they love to look on something that fills *de yey*,—and the *obi man*'s prediction, no doubt influenced the negroes to choose Pancras as their leader. But besides these favorable qualities, he was possessed of others which were of much more real use to those who put themselves under his command. By close and attentive observance he had gathered many useful lessons from the Europeans. It was necessary for the security of all the colonies to train every white to the exercise of a soldier. Pancras attended their parades, and though he appeared stupid or uninterested, he took most accurate note of the exercise and evolutions of the militia. His master often took it as an agreeable amusement to see the negro perform with his own sword or his fusil the whole exercise, with an

ease and readiness that would have put the greater part of the colonial corps to shame. But while he was giving the black the word of command in mere jest, he did not foresee that his adroitness would be turned with such terrible effect against that very militia whom he pretended to mimic.

By a strange mixture of generosity with savage brutality, Pancras had, in the midst of all the bloody and revolting transactions which he either acted or abetted, never thought of turning his hand against his master. On the contrary, it was known that he had protected the planter's property from the ravages of his associates, while all around him was laid waste by the destroyer's hand; and when his neighbors' houses were nightly laid in ashes, his master's enjoyed perfect safety. The planter had a beautiful daughter lately arrived from England, where she had received her education; and as Pancras had several times spoken of her to his companions in terms of enthusiasm, they stole her from her father's house, and took her to the cave of the chief, which was situated in the woods. They presented her to Pancras as the most acceptable offering they could make, but on the instant he returned with the maiden to her father's door unhurt, and retreated without waiting for thanks. So short was her captivity, that her father would never have known it had she not related the story. We shall not stop to analyse the secret springs of this contradictory conduct in the same individual, nor trace the progress of the negro chief through his wild career, which was known to be deeply stained with blood.

When the insurrection of the slaves was quelled, and all the hopes of the negroes fled with the discomfiture of the French, they betook themselves to the woods to avoid the vengeance of the law. Many of them were caught, and suffered the punishment which they merited for the blood they had shed, and which was intended to strike terror upon those who re-

fused to lay down their weapons, or might be plotting a new revolt. Pancras saw many of his companions suffer, and had the boldness to rescue some of them from the trees, where they were suspended alive; but he had always the dexterity to elude pursuit. The recesses of the forest, and the caverns on the sequestered sea-shore, afforded many dark and hidden retreats, where, with the help of a little plunder, and a shot from his gun, he might procure what was necessary for temporary sustenance. For several months he was never heard of or seen, and it was believed he had perished—some thought in a skirmish, and others that he died of hunger, or had committed suicide. Every imaginable death was assigned to Pancras, and his name became a spell to frighten the children of his own nation.

At the time the island of Trinidad was ceded to Britain by Spain, inducements offered themselves to the enterprising British planters of neighboring islands to form settlements there. The soil of the island is exceedingly fertile, and at that time the greater part of it was covered with natural forests. The sugar planter consequently had ample choice for fixing himself in a situation which possessed most natural advantages. Pancras's master was amongst the number of those who desired to commence a new estate in the newly acquired British territory. He was influenced to this by a spirit of enterprise, as well as by a desire for a change of scene and society. Having disposed of his estate, and all the property which might have encumbered his transportation, excepting his negroes, which were only twelve in number, including a few children, he was on the point of embarking in a little schooner to be transported from Grenada to Trinidad. He had gone to St. George's, the principal town in the island, on the evening before his departure, to make some final arrangements with a merchant from whom he usually purchased the necessaries for

his estate, and on the same evening he returned home and was informed that some negroes had come in disguise and taken away his daughter. His first suspicion lighted upon Pancras, and he vowed that he would hunt the whole island for him. But upon reflecting that Pancras had not been heard of for such a length of time, and the general belief of his being dead, and the probability, that, had he been in life, he would long ere this have given his old master a sign that he was in the vicinity of his former peaceful dwelling, this staggered the hopes of the planter, and he began to look forward under the apprehension of some dreadful discovery of the fate of his beloved child. It appears on this, as well as on the former occasion, to have been the study of Pancras to spare his master even a momentary pang, for, in a short while after the planter had gone into his house, a paper carefully folded, which was attached to a piece of wood curiously carved with a knife, was thrown into his chamber window. The eye of the planter at once read that the one was a letter from his daughter, and the other an offering from his long lost negro. The letter informed him that his Cecily was in perfect security, and would return home under condition that her father would consent to allow Pancras—if not to enter again into his old master's service—at least to afford him the means of escaping from Grenada to Trinidad in the schooner. At another time he might have perceived that he was aiding the escape of one who had above all others rendered himself a victim to the laws of civilized society, and would place himself under considerable risk by taking a person of such notoriety under his protection; but the safety of his daughter, and a feeling bordering somewhat on a parental anxiety for the negro who had been under his roof from a boy, and from whom he had received no injury, absorbed every other consideration. He wrote the letter of promise, and despatched it by a negress who usually waited on his

daughter. The bearer of the letter was directed to go to a certain part of the wood adjoining the estate, but before she attained it, Pancras's post master came up to her, snatched it out of her hand, and retreated into the most dense part of the forest. In about two hours the planter's daughter was sitting quietly beside her father, relating her little adventure.

The African negroes look upon a written scroll with a superstitious veneration. It will be easily conceived then that Pancras thought himself perfectly secure so soon as he obtained his master's letter. He concealed it about his person in the folds of the clothing he had put on for the purpose of disguise, with a kind of religious care. Having assumed the appearance of an old man lame of one leg, and bent towards the ground under a load of years and infirmities, he presented himself before his master, and craved fulfilment of his promise. His assumed character was so complete, and his appearance was so stupid, that the planter could scarcely believe that the bold, cruel, yet grateful Pancras stood before him. Even Cecily, who had been under his power only a few hours before, at first denied his identity. Pancras looked round, and having satisfied himself that no spy was near, for a moment he resumed his natural position, and made a flourish with the identical fusil which he had stolen from his master, and now offered back in as good condition as ever. A single glance at him soon convinced the planter and his daughter that Pancras had only disguised his fearful personage under a cloud of age to favor his escape. With some reluctance the planter allowed the negro chief to take his former place among his other negroes, and to embark on board the little schooner. Early next morning they were in full view of the eastern side of the beautifully picturesque island of Trinidad, and could discern the windmills wheeling in the steady breeze, the canefields gilded by the rising sun, the smoke towering in

volumes, like water-spouts, from the chimneys of the sugar houses, and everything wearing a countenance of busy industry. The schooner glided through *Bocas*, and entered the Gulf of Paria, which was studded with ships and brigs as far as the eye could reach. Innumerable fishing boats were dancing around, which in the distance appeared like flocks of sea-fowl at their morning repast. The planter's little schooner, with his whole chattels and family, beat up to the wooden pier, and landed safely in Port-of-Spain. Pancras, who was the picture of black despair, still preserved his disguise, and he passed the scrutiny of the coast-officers without suspicion.

The planter having fixed on a spot in the southern extremity of the island for commencing a new sugar plantation, thither he transported his whole family of slaves, including Pan, as was found necessary to call him in order to assist his disguise. The negro chief, however, found that his age and infirmities sate heavy upon him; and as soon as they landed on the new estate, to which they had come by sailing along the shore in the little schooner, he retired to the woods. In a short while he returned, like the eagle in the wilderness, with his age renewed, and in full possession of his strong and athletic frame. He took this precaution before any negroes of the neighboring estates had seen him under disguise, and they never knew that he had been under hiding. The secret was only known to the other negroes belonging to his master, in whose faith he could place implicit confidence, and it remained a secret to the day of his death.

This planter had been already well assured of his fidelity, and he placed Pancras again over his negroes to superintend their labors in the formation of the new estate. Pan still retained his new name, though he had thrown aside the disguise in which he escaped from Grenada, and, like his namesake, the docile god of shepherds, he ap-

peared to be as skillful and beneficial in the arts of peace as he had been daring and dangerous in the petty warfare. His master, however, gave him a final warning, that if he again attempted to encourage or assist in any commotion approaching in likeness to that in which he had engaged in Grenada, nothing could rescue him from a horrid death, and he would certainly bring a punishment on his benefactor for having afforded him the means of escape. Pan seemed sensible of his situation, and though no direct promise could be elicited from him, he bent his whole attention to the labors of settlement and cultivation. In a few weeks a large square portion of land was shorn of the natural forest, reaching from the sea-side backwards to the interior. Gigantic trees were extended all over the patch of ground, with their heads lopped off like the slain in the field of battle; the branches and brush-wood were gathered together around the fallen trees, and set on fire and consumed. A stranger beholding them employed in this labor could scarcely help supposing that he had stumbled upon the Romans of ancient days performing the last rites of sepulture to their brethren who had fallen in battle. The provision grounds for the negroes, the first care of a settlement, were planted with bananas, mangoes, and plantains, besides many other fruits and esculents; and every negro had his garden bestowed upon him according to lot. Several acres of sugar canes next rose and spread their long sword-like leaves to the broad tropical sun, waving and rustling in the breezes like fields of sedges. Their lively green afforded a delightful contrast to the sombre forests that surrounded their margin, and cast a refreshing influence on the eye of the distant beholder. The planter's house, like an oblong barn, resting upon four legs of brick, one at each corner, was the succeeding labor. It was built wholly of thin wooden boards nailed to rows of posts, thatched with the sear leaves of the carat,

having a balcony on each side, for the purpose of walking and enjoying the cool breezes while the sun was vertical. Into the balcony you ascended by a trap stair, and thus entered the main body of the house in the same way as if you had been entering to a show of wild beasts. The windows of this sylvan palace had no glass; folding shutters, as large as common doors, were of more service, as they could be opened wide to admit the air, and shut at night to keep out the damps. Last of all, the negroes' huts appeared at a little distance from the mansion, neat cabins formed of wood and plastered with clay, or wattled with brushwood, and thatched with as much smoothness as a hen when she has newly pruned her feathers. These stood in a cluster together, but without any regard to order or uniformity. They seemed to have been built under a determination that not two of them should look the same way. To see these huts looking towards every point of the compass was a ludicrous instance of the variety of taste which negroes have of the perspective, as well as in many other things. The sugar mill, boiling-house, and rum distillery, with a store-house, occupied another distinct situation on the side of a little hillock. These took more time and greater expense to raise than the other buildings, as the greater part of the materials had to abide the contingencies of wind and waves, in their transportation from the British market across the Atlantic. With his mansion-house, his sugar-house, his negro-huts, and the provision grounds, and cane patches waving luxuriantly around them, the planter had now completed his establishment, and was just looking forward to an abundant harvest to reward his industry, when the fatigues and privations, and constant application to the labors of a new settlement, overcame a declining constitution, and he died at the age of sixty; an age under the tropical climate considered patriarchal. His daughter soon thereafter went to England to reside with her relations,

and the infant estate was committed for her benefit to the care of trustees. They appointed a manager to superintend the estate.

This person's name was Quiquizola, which from its sound one would suspect to be of Spanish origin; but Quiquizola was a Frenchman, in whom the *vieux regime* found an able supporter, at least in so far as chasing his nose at full gallop round the room, thumping upon a table at intervals, blattering negro French, and swearing profound oaths at the cut-throat liberals, could support the ancient dynasty of France.

Pancras, and indeed the whole of the negroes, expressed unfeigned sorrow at their old master's decease. Nor was their whole grief confined to the day of his death. Long after he was laid in his grave, which was in a remote and lonely corner of the estate, beneath the shade of a wide-spreading cedar, they made visits to the spot with reverence and respect. They appeared to look on his grave as the resting place not of a master, but of a parent. No one who beheld their solemn visitations to this lowly abode would have denied that the Africans' hearts are capable of being tuned to the tender passions, or say that they can never cherish regard for an indulgent master. But they were far from being contented with their new superintendent. He was petulant, peevish, and continually barking and scolding;—the versatility of his humor destroyed their confidence in him, and his actions became their jest. He was small of stature, gross and flabby, with a countenance so sallow as to add a long score to his years. His dress was a jacket and trowsers, and a hat, all of snowy whiteness; and had it not been under a tropical sun, you would have mistaken him for a walking snow-ball. There was nothing manly in his appearance, and when Pancras stood beside him, Quiquizola shrunk into insignificance. Pan could scarcely endure to be directed by one, even though he was a white, who had nothing about him to inspire confidence

or respect. He soon likewise perceived that there was a wide difference between the intelligent and active Englishman, who did everything with calmness and decision, and a diminutive Frenchman, whose education was slender, and whose information reached only to a few commonplace remarks. Negroes are far from being void of discernment, and though not able to express themselves, they can form correct estimates of character and talent. It often draws astonishment to observe how readily they lay hold of the outward points in the conduct of a white, and thence draw inferences as to his character and talents. Pan had formed different notions of the cultivation of sugar under the tuition of his old master to pay much regard to the directions of Quiquizola, and, proud of his own abilities, he frequently acted in direct opposition to his instructions. When he was reprimanded for this, his answer was that he had done it for the best, because he was working for his *Missy*, and not for Quiquizola. He frequently rung it in Quiquizola's ears that what he had done was after the manner in which his former master had done. Conduct like this brought down upon him the petty vengeance of the little Frenchman, who sent Pan to work in the field, and placed a more passive negro in his room. The proud-spirited chief could not suffer this treatment with patience; and he sought by a thousand mischievous tricks to spoil everything into which Quiquizola put his hands. He made him the laughing stock of the slaves by imitating his peevish voice and waddling gait. Pan was frequently caught in the midst of these exhibitions, and had his merriment changed into sorrow.

He ceased at length to have any veneration for the habitation which was once his pride, and betook himself to his old employment of wandering in the woods. He now became a freebooter, and made many excursions into the provision grounds and hen roosts of the neighboring estates. His

wife became his companion in this roving life. Poultry, pigs, and goats, besides everything else that could be of service to a tenant of the woods, were nightly stolen from the estates. Pancras and Dian were secretly blamed by the negroes as the thieves; but such was the terror which his name created, and so well directed were their sorties, that none could say they had been seen, and none dared to mention their names. Guards of negroes were placed on each estate to endeavor to detect them. But in the teeth of the guard Pancras issued from the wood in a clear night, came coolly up to them, and threatened, if they offered to give alarm, or stir a limb, he would cleave them with his cutlass, and set fire to their huts. The guard stood trembling like statues agitated by an earthquake, in presence of the giant chief. He went close up to the mansion and seized a favorite goat belonging to Quiquizola, and cut its throat in their presence. He threw the quivering animal over his shoulder, and proceeded leisurely to the edge of the wood, where he turned round towards the black guard, and broke the stillly silence of the night by a loud and devilish laugh. He told them the next time he came back it would be to relieve them of Massa Quiquizola, and he would do with him as he had done with the goat. When this was mentioned to Quiquizola in the morning, his life appeared to him to hang by a hair. He became apprehensive that he would be cut off from the face of the earth at a moment's notice, and he would frequently start from his bed in the night under the influence of horrid dreams. His gun, sword, and a pair of immense pistols, became his constant sleeping companions, and he lay down resting on his arms as if he had been in the camp waiting the approach of an enemy.

The estate on which these transactions took place was situated on a point of land about sixty miles from the capital of the island. There was no access to the town but by the sea.

There were perhaps a few footpaths through the woods from one estate to another; but these did not lead far, and to attempt a journey to the town by land, where the traveller would find swamps, thickets and mountains continually obstructing his course, would have been as wild an attempt as to endeavor to walk over the sea. Pancras, however, with his wife, without making any more visits to the estate, or putting his threat against the life of Quiquizola into execution, found his way to the town. How he accomplished the journey was a subject of conjecture for many a day. Quiquizola got intelligence that the runaway was in the town, and he went immediately and claimed him.

They were on board a small sloop, and sailing homeward down the Gulf of Paria, which separates the island from South America. They had come within sight of the estate, and had already got a glimpse of a small flag upon the top of a tall palmetto tree, which stood on the very verge of the point of land on which the estate was situated. Quiquizola, who before had been dull and sullen toward the negro, now felt his spirits rise as he came within sight of the domain where he could rule with a despotic hand. He upbraided Pancras with perfidy and wickedness. He heaped upon him epithets which he knew would sorely wound the feelings of the chief, and promised him the reward of the whip for the fear and dread he had occasioned, and the thefts he had committed. He fumed and paced with mighty strides the deck of the little ship, as if he had been commanding the navies of the Ottoman; and ended his speech by informing the negro that he would burn in hell.

"Vous, vous scelerat, sera brulé dans l'infer," was the pithy climax of his harangue. Pancras, who secretly burned with revenge, sate with seeming patience all this time upon the side of the vessel, eating his dinner of plantains, which his wife had prepared for him. He then lit his pipe, and smoked it, with great coolness. He seemed, however, to be absorbed in meditation; for when his wife spoke to him he made no answer except a vacant stare, and then turned his face alternately to the sky and the sea. The Frenchman had been below; but coming again upon deck, he began to renew the attack of threats and abuse. But a wild and demon-like stare from the negro choked his utterance, and he stood aghast. Pancras improved the moment, and kept his keen eye fixed upon the Frenchman, until he had him in his grasp. Till then the Frenchman seemed spell-bound; but finding himself grappled with the negro he made a faint struggle. Pancras stretched himself to the full height of his stature, and encircled the Frenchman in his arms; and having fastened his teeth in his ear, he made a headlong leap into the abyss, and both disappeared in a moment. The yell of horror which the Frenchman uttered resounded among the woods and along the shore, though they were nearly a mile distant from the land. The master of the sloop backed his sails and manned a boat, and waited to observe if either of them came above the water. The poor Frenchman popped up his little black head and yellow visage within reach of the boat; one of his ears was literally bit off, but Pancras seized him by the other, and, making another plunge, both disappeared, and were never more seen.

THE EPPING HUNT.*

THOMAS HOOD, the witty and facetious punster, and author of "Whims and Oddities," has again brought for-

ward a very whimsical effusion, with the above title, which is illustrated with six engravings on wood, after

* The Epping Hunt. By Thomas Hood, Esp. 12mo. pp. 29. London, 1829. C. Tilt.
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the designs of George Cruikshank. A work by Hood and Cruikshank, it may well be imagined, can be no tame production; the whim of the one is always sure to force a smile from Gravity itself—and the humor of the other cannot be looked at in his sketches with indifference, even by the most solemn and habitual possessor of a long face and a melancholy temperament. The "Epping Hunt," with its illustrations, is, accordingly, what might have been expected from the pen of the Prince of Punsters, and the pencil of the King of Caricaturists. Although the greatest merit of the poem is essentially different from that of Cowper's "John Gilpin," yet in many respects it strongly resembles that popular production,—constituting, perhaps, its most formidable rival. We regret that we can do more than give a brief abstract of this jocular and comic performance of Mr. Hood. The annual exhibition at Epping is its foundation, and to rescue the ancient custom from falling into unsung oblivion, the hard commences—

"John Huggins was as bold a man
As trade did ever know,
A warehouse good he had, that stood
Hard by the church of Eow.

There people bought Dutch cheeses round,
And single Glo'ster flat;
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish in a *pat*.

Six days a-week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At counter with his apron tied
About his counter-part.

The seventh, in a sluice-house box,
He took his pipe and pot,
On Sundays, for *eel-piety*,
A very noted spot.

Ah, blest if he had never gone
Beyond its rural shed!
One Easter-tide some evil guide
Put Epping in his head.

* * * * *
Alas! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving *Cheap*
To go and hunt the *deer*!

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not *chicken-hearted* he, although
'Twas whisper'd of his *eggs*!

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dreamt of ending ill;

Mayhap with Dr. *Ridout's* fee
And surgeon *Hunter's* bill.
So he drew on his Sunday boots,
Of lustre superfine;
The liquid black they wore that day
Was *Warren*-ted to shine."

Our hero is mounted on a gallant
gray, in the keep of which he goes
halves with a brother cit.

"A well-bred horse he was, I wis,
As he began to show,
By quickly 'rearing up within
'The way he ought to go."

But Huggins, like a wary man,
Was ne'er from saddle cast;
Resolv'd, by going very slow,
On sitting very fast."

The *cortège* of the various hunters
is next amusingly and accurately
described.—Old Tom Rounding, the
landlord of Woodford Wells, is a very
clever portrait.

"'Now welcome, lads,' quoth he, 'and prads,
You're all in glorious luck;
Old Robin has a run to-day,
A noted forest-buck.

Fair Mead's the place, where Bob and Tom
In red already ride;
'Tis but a *step*, by going very slow,
You soon may go a *stride*.'

So off they scamper'd, man and horse,
As time and temper press'd;
But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branch'd off from all the rest.

Howbeit he tumbled down in time
To join with Tom and Bob,
All in Fair Mead, which held that day
Its own fair meed of mob

Idlers, to wit—no Guardians some
Of Tattlers in a squeeze;
Ramblers in heavy carts and vans,
Spectators up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butchers' hacks,
That shambled to and fro;
Bakers intent upon a buck,
Neglectful of the *dough*!

Change Alley Bears to speculate,
As usual, for a fall;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climb'd a wall!

'Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made;
A single stag had caused a whole
Stagnation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood,
And lo! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood.

In shape like half a hearse, though not
For corpses in the least;
For this contained the *deer alive*,
And not the *deer deceased*!"

The deer alive being let out—

"Away he went, and many a score
Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass—like high and low
And Jack pursuing game."

The hunt is up—

"Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show;
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *statue quo*.

'O dear! O dear!' now might you hear,
'I've surely broke a bone';
'My head is sore,' with many more
Such speeches from the *thrown*.

Howbeit their wailings never moved
The wide satanic clan,
Who grinn'd, as once the devil grinn'd,
To see the fall of man.

And hunters good, that understood,
Their laughter knew no bounds,
To see the horses 'throwing off,'
So long before the hounds.

* * * *

But now Old Robin's foes were set,
That fatal taint to find,
That always is scent after him,
Yet always left behind.

And here observe how dog and man
A different temper shows—
What hound resents that he is sent
To follow his own nose?

Towler and Jowler—howlers all—
No single tongue was mute;
The stag had led a hart, and lo!
The whole pack follow'd suit.

No spur he lack'd—fear stuck a knife
And fork in either haunch;
And every dog he knew had got
An eye-tooth to his paunch!

Away, away! he scudded like
A ship before the gale;
Now flew to 'hills we know not of,'
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

* * * *

Some gave a shout, some roll'd about,
And antick'd as they rode,
And butchers whistled on their curs,
And milkmen *tally-ho'd*!

About two score there were, not more,
That galloped in the race;
The rest, alas! lay on the grass,
As once in Chevy Chase.

But even those that galloped on
Were fewer every minute—
The field kept getting more select,
Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up and left the hunt,
Some fell in miry bogs,
And vainly rose and 'ran a muck,'
To overtake the dogs.

And some, in charging hurdle stakes,
Were left bereft of sense;

What else could be premised of blades
That never learn'd to fence!

But Roundings, Tom and Bob, no gate,
Nor hedge, nor ditch, could stay;
O'er all they went, and did the work
Of leap-years in a day!

And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast between his teeth
The biter held the bit.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate—
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate!

* * * *

But soon the horse was well avenged
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze!

Where, sharper set than hunger is,
He squatted all forlorn;
And like a bird was singing out
While sitting on a thorn.

Right glad was he, as well might be,
Such cushion to resign:
'Possession is nine points,' but his
Seemed more than ninety-nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
That enter'd in his skin,
His nag was running off the while
The thorns were running in!"

We omit Huggins's further exploits,
and return him safely to the Wells,
after the hunt was over.

"And many a horse was taken out
Of saddle and of shaft;
And men by dint of drink became
The only 'beasts of draught.'

For now begun a harder run
On wine, and gin, and beer;
And overtaken men discuss'd
The overtaken deer.

How far he ran, and eke how fast,
And how at bay he stood,
Deer-like, resolved to sell his life
As dearly as he could:

And how the hunters stood aloof,
Regardful of their lives,
And shunn'd a beast whose very horns
They knew could *handle* knives.

How Huggins stood when he was rubb'd
By help and ostler kind,
And when they cleaned the clay before,
How worse remain'd behind."

And now to conclude with the *Moral*.

"Thus Pleasure oft eludes our grasp,
Just when we think to grip her;
And hunting after Happiness,
We only hunt a slipper."

THE BORDERERS.*

WE can conceive few periods better calculated to offer a promising field to the novelist than that which these pages illustrate;—the mingling of wildest adventure with the most plodding industry—the severe spirit of the religion of the first American settlers—the feelings of household and home at variance with all the earlier associations of country—the magnificence of the scenery by which they were surrounded—their neighborhood to that most picturesque and extraordinary of people we call savages;—these, surely, are materials for the novelist, and in Mr. Cooper's hands they have lost none of their interest. We shall not attempt to detail the narrative, but only say it is well worthy of the high reputation of its author. All the more serious scenes are worked up to the highest pitch of excitement: if any where we have to complain of aught like failure, it is in the lighter parts, and some of the minor details, which are, occasionally, spun out too much. But again the attention is aroused; and we only lament that our limits will allow short space for the justice we should wish to render. We endeavor to abridge the dramatic and powerfully written attack of the Indians on a small out-settlement; premising that the Indian youth alluded to has been made prisoner, and in some degree softened by the kindness with which he has been treated.

"Whoops and yells were incessantly ringing around the place, while the loud and often repeated tones of a conch betrayed the artifice by which the savages had so often endeavored, in the earlier part of the night, to lure the garrison out of the palisadoes. A few scattering shot, discharged with deliberation, and from every exposed point within the works, proclaimed both the coolness and the vigilance of the defendants. The little gun in the block-house was silent, for the Puri-

tan knew too well its real power to lessen its reputation by a too frequent use. The weapon was therefore reserved for those moments of pressing danger that would be sure to arrive. On this spectacle Ruth gazed in fearful sadness. The long-sustained and sylvan security of her abode was violently destroyed, and in the place of a quiet, which had approached, as near as may be on earth, to that holy peace for which her spirit strove, she and all she most loved were suddenly confronted to the most frightful exhibition of human horrors. In such a moment, the feelings of a mother were likely to revive; and ere time was given for reflection, aided by the light of the conflagration, the matron was moving swiftly through the intricate passages of the dwelling, in quest of those whom she had placed in the security of the chambers. 'Thou hast remembered to avoid looking on the fields, my children,' said the nearly breathless woman, as she entered the room. 'Be thankful, babes; hitherto the efforts of the savages have been vain, and we still remain masters of our habitations.' 'Why is the night so red? Come hither, mother; thou mayest look into the wood as if the sun were shining!' 'The heathens have fired our granaries, and what thou seest is the light of the flames. But happily they cannot put brands into the dwellings while thy father and the young men stand to their weapons. We must be grateful for this security, frail as it seemeth. Thou hast knelt, my Ruth, and hast remembered to think of thy father and brother in thy prayers?' 'I will do so again, mother, whispered the child, bending to her knees, and wrapping her young features in the garments of the matron. 'Why hide thy countenance? One young and innocent as thou may lift thine eyes to Heaven with confidence.'

* *The Borderers*; or, the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish. By the author of "The Spy." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn and Co.

'Mother, I see the Indian, unless my face be hid. He looketh at me, I fear, with wish to do us harm.' 'Thou art not just to Miantonimoh, child,' answered Ruth, as she glanced her eye rapidly round to seek the boy, who had modestly withdrawn into a remote and shaded corner of the room. 'I left him with thee for a guardian, and not as one who would wish to injure. Now think of thy God, child,' imprinting a kiss on the cold, marble-like forehead of her daughter, 'and have reliance in his goodness. Miantonimoh, I again leave you with a charge to be their protector,' she added, quitting her daughter and advancing towards the youth. 'Mother!' shrieked the child, 'come to me, or I die!' Ruth turned from the listening captive with the quickness of instinct. A glance showed her the jeopardy of her offspring. A naked savage, dark, powerful of frame, and fierce, in the frightful masquerade of his war-paint, stood winding the silken hair of the girl in one hand, while he already held the glittering axe above a head that seemed inevitably devoted to destruction. 'Mercy! mercy!' exclaimed Ruth, hoarse with horror, and dropping to her knees, as much from inability to stand as with intent to petition. 'Monster, strike me, but spare the child!' The eyes of the Indian rolled over the person of the speaker, but it was with an expression that seemed rather to enumerate the number of his victims, than to announce any change of purpose. With a fiend-like coolness, that bespoke much knowledge of the ruthless practice, he again swung the quivering but speechless child in the air, and prepared to direct the weapon with a fell certainty of aim. The tomahawk had made its last circuit, and an instant would have decided the fate of the victim, when the captive boy stood in front of the frightful actor in this revolting scene. By a quick forward movement of his arm, the blow was arrested. The deep guttural ejaculation, which betrays the surprise of an Indian, broke from

the chest of the savage, while his hand fell to his side, and the form of the suspended girl was suffered again to touch the floor. The look and gesture with which the boy had interfered, expressed authority rather than resentment or horror. His air was calm, collected, and, as it appeared by the effect, imposing. 'Go,' he said, in the language of the fierce people from whom he had sprung; 'the warriors of the pale men are calling thee by name.' 'The snow is red with the blood of our young men,' the other fiercely answered; 'and not a scalp is at the belt of my people.' 'These are mine,' returned the boy, with dignity, sweeping his arm while speaking, in a manner to show that he extended protection to all present. The warrior gazed about him grimly, and like one but half convinced. He had incurred a danger too fearful, in entering the stockade, to be easily diverted from his purpose. 'Listen!' he continued, after a short pause, during which the artillery of the Puritan had again bellowed in the uproar without. 'The thunder is with the Yengeese! Our young women will look another way, and call us Pequots, should there be no scalps on our pole.' For a single moment the countenance of the boy changed, and his resolution seemed to waver. The other, who watched his eyes with longing eagerness, again seized his victim by the hair, when Ruth shrieked in the accents of despair—'Boy! boy! if thou art not with us, God has deserted us!' 'She is mine,' burst fiercely from the lips of the lad. 'Hear my words, Wompahwiset; the blood of my father is very warm within me.' The other paused, and the blow was once more suspended. The glaring eyeballs of the savage rested intently on the swelling form and stern countenance of the young hero, whose uplifted hand appeared to menace instant punishment, should he dare to disregard the mediation. The lips of the warrior severed, and the word 'Miantonimoh' was uttered, as softly as if it recalled a feeling of sorrow.

Then, as a sudden burst of yells rose above the roar of the conflagration, the fierce Indian turned in his tracks, and, abandoning the trembling, and nearly insensible, child, he bounded away like a hound loosened on a fresh scent of blood. 'Boy! boy!' murmured the mother; 'heathen or Christian, there is One that will bless thee!'

The end of the second volume is

somewhat languid; but the third will bear comparison with the very best of Cooper's works. The young Indian chief, the regicide, the English girl with all the habits and feelings of an education among the Indians, the stern old Puritan, are perfect of their kind; and it is in the belief that their interest will be as our own, that we recommend this work to our readers.

MY RED JACKET.

THERE is something in the human mind which makes us love with a lover's fondness those inanimate objects with which we have been long familiar. Whatever be the danger we may have encountered—the vicissitudes we may have experienced—the miseries we may have felt in our progress through the journey of life, the soul clings with an unalterable and inextinguishable predilection to those localities where we passed our early days, to those scenes with which is associated the remembrance of that happy period, when the mind, unscathed by the lightnings of ill-fortune, and undisturbed by the anticipation of evil, revelled in an elysium of happiness. In youth we view life as a tranquil translucent stream, whose banks are decked with flowers of sweetest perfume, meandering gently through a lovely valley; never dreaming of the whirlpools and cataracts, the rocks and quicksands through which it has to foam and struggle ere it reach the "ocean's bed." O, happy days, I cannot but heave a sigh of regret when I think that they are gone forever! But it is not to localities alone, to the scenes of former days merely, that we contract a regard which survives amid the fluctuations and storms of life. Even things of a perishable and evanescent nature engender an affection which is not easily eradicated. Some fifty years ago—well do I remember the time, for it was an era in my existence—I became possessor of a beautiful red jacket.

Since then I have seen many a jacket; I have seen hundreds of military fops, bedizened in all the splendour of scarlet and gold; but such a jacket I never did see. It was so modest and unassuming too! It had no fantastic braidings; but still it was a handsome jacket. When my person was encircled with this matchless piece of tailoring, I became quite another being. It operated as a talisman, although I was still enslaved in the nursery, a degradation which I by no means relished. I strutted about with the dignity of a bashaw, and thought myself warranted too to exercise, within my little sphere of authority, all the despotism and tyranny of Asiatic sovereignty, tearing the duennas by the hair, and lording it over the younger branches of the family with kingly authority. Certainly it was a rare jacket, and little wonder that after the lapse of years I should still reflect upon it with unabated ardent attachment. Its color, its shape, its whole *tout ensemble*, were peculiarly its own, perfectly unrivalled, at least I thought so; and so far as I was concerned, this was tantamount to its being the case. You know the apophthegm, "a man's mind is his kingdom." I cannot help wondering whether this favorite habiliment is still in existence;—in existence, did I say? why, it must be in existence, for philosophers tell us that not a single particle of matter has perished since the creation,—matter it seems only undergoes a change; it is only

modified and altered, not annihilated. What a boundless field for the speculations of philosophy does this dogma open up! How many hypotheses might be built upon it! What a sublime occupation for a man redolent of genius, and gifted with the perspicuity and unwearied industry of a Newton, to watch the transmigration of the things around us; to pry, if I may so speak, into the metempsychosis of things! We see mighty edifices mouldering into decay; the monuments of former days swept away by the hand of time. What a grand desideratum in national science, could we be able to announce with precision to what state—to what modification of matter they were progressing! Who can tell how many changes and modifications Cæsar's helmet may have undergone! At this very moment it may be adorning the head of some fair dame, in the shape of a Leghorn bonnet, or encircling her person as a silk brocade. And my red jacket may be shining with all its wonted

brilliancy as an artificial flower in a lady's head dress; or it may be the tube of an opera glass; or a sweet-smelling nosegay. But, it seems, I am exercising my ingenuity to little purpose; for Berkeley and Hume have demonstrated that matter has no existence; that it only exists in the mind of a sentient being. Now, this view is certainly very consoling. It tells me that my jacket was a mere mental phantasmagoria; that my senses deceived me; and certainly we ought to display more manly fortitude than to mourn over the loss or deprivation of that which our own minds alone have embodied with a fanciful existence. But, after all, there are more things "in heaven and earth" than philosophers "dream of." The metaphysicians may prate as they like about the nonentity of matter, still I will maintain that my red jacket was truly and in fact a red jacket, and as well deserving of a grandiloquent elegy as any scarlet piece of matter, ancient or modern.

PECULIAR GAIT OF THE PARISIANS.

HAVING been acquainted with an old French gentleman in England, and being afterwards on a visit to Paris, I one day thought I saw him approaching the hotel where I happened to reside. A certain gait and air, which I had not hitherto analyzed, convinced me I was right; and I expressed my satisfaction on this account to the friend who was beside me at the time, and who similarly recognized and expected him. We were disappointed, however, as he did not call. This disappointment occurred again and again, until we began to suspect, and at last actually discovered, that there were several old gentlemen in Paris who had a similar gait and air.

This struck me as odd enough; but still no reason for it occurred to me. Going, however, one day to a considerable distance through the streets of Paris to see some troops arriving

from Spain, and walking, as Englishmen generally walk, without much regard to the inequalities of the pavement, I found, on my return, that I was unaccountably fatigued. A little reflection led me to the cause of this, in the extraordinary irregularity of the Parisian pavement; for the stones being large, worn away on every side, and prominent in the middle, every step I had taken falling sometimes high and sometimes low, had shook me in such a way, that though I did not much observe it at the time, its effects were very perceptible.

I now began to imagine, that all this might have something to do with the peculiar walk and air of my old friend; and, on looking more closely, I thought I could see that almost all old gentlemen, as well as old ladies, and even many young ones, had some degree of the very same pecu-

liarity. This I now suspected to result from some contrivance, on their part, to obviate the inconveniences arising from the irregularity of the pavement.

Observing now with additional care, I at once found my suspicion completely verified, and was able to detect the contrivance employed.

This commences by picking the steps. In order to do this in the best manner, it is necessary to pick only with one foot, that is, to advance always the same foot, and let the other only follow it up. If one attempt, on the contrary, to pick with both feet, it causes a considerable rotating of the body, which, in a long walk so performed, becomes fatiguing. The Parisians accordingly pick with the stronger—the right foot.

A little reflection will show, that, in thus picking with one foot, they must not only turn the right toe proportionally in, but must turn the whole of the right side proportionally forward, and in some measure advance laterally.

Even this, however, is not enough : as the hollows between the projecting centres of the stones are considerable, and as these are generally filled with mud, it is necessary to avoid bespattering oneself. This the Parisians effect by holding the knee and ankle joints slightly bent, but rather stiff, while they spring slightly sideways, from one stone to another.

Nothing can be more amusing than this mode of progression, when one is once prepared to observe it. The reader may easily figure to himself a party setting out in this way,—all having the right leg advancing, the right toe turned in, and the right side turned forward,—all having the knee and ankle joints slightly bent, but rather stiff, and in a sort of springy state,—and all advancing, in some measure, sideways,—but, owing to the different length of limb, some seeming to hop, and others to hobble along. It is really a good deal like the walking of birds.

The effect of this habitual mode of progression is such, that, in old persons, the whole body seems irremediably twisted, and the stiffer woollen clothes of the men evidently partake of this twist ; the right side of the neck of the coat is brought quite in front, and even the hat has always some corresponding, but curious and indescribable curves. So irremediably is everything impressed with this twist, that one would almost imagine that the clothes, if detached from the owner, would by some sort of instinct stand in the owner's attitude.

This, then, is the Parisian mode of walking, which is so highly vaunted by the French, which French vanity has converted into an exquisite accomplishment, and which all who have not had the felicity of being born in Paris, may despair of even imitating.

MEN AND MANNERS IN ORKNEY.

“Is the carline mad? Heard ye ever of any of the gentle house of Clinkscales that gave meat for sillar?”—*Pirate.*

BREATHES there the man, who, having the slightest taste for the beauties of external nature, but has stood as in a state of enchantment when the Orcadian Windermere, the magnificent loch of Stennis, burst on his astonished view? To the left the eye expatiates over a beautiful Mediterranean in miniature, studded with ships of every nation, and islets of every hue,

from the emerald of Graemsay to the coal-black outline of the Ronaldsha Hills. To the right it ranges over the lovely undulations of Harra and Sandwick ; distance lending enchantment to the view, and tingeing the dark brown heath with the hues of the rainbow. In front the majestic hills of Hoy tower into sublimity, strongly relieved against a clear blue sky, or

arresting the thunder cloud in its progress, while the "dread peal" reverberates from cliff to cliff, startling a thousand eagles from their eyries. On the margin of the lake are to be seen the largest Druidical circles (with one exception) in the British dominions, hoary with age, and regarding which, even the tongue of tradition is silent. They seem to the poetic mind as an army of giants, petrified by some sorcerer, until a still more potent spell shall restore them to their pristine existence, and endure them once more with a relish for each other's "grim society."

Contiguous to this lovely sheet of water lies the parish of —, celebrated over the whole archipelago for the peculiarity of its inhabitants, their singular manners and customs, their uncouth appearance and homely address. Being the most "landward" district in the large island of Pomona, and consequently having little intercourse with strangers, it has become the strong-hold of ancient saws, superstitions, and habits—modern innovation having pushed these from their pedestals in almost all other parts of the mainland.

Its form of government, too, is highly in favor of "auld use and wont," as it is almost entirely divided among a class of men yeleft petty or *pickie* lairds; each ploughing his own fields and reaping his own crops, much in the same manner as their great-great-grandfathers did in the days of Earl Patrick. Improvement, with her strange dress and foreign accent, like Noah's dove, has hitherto found no resting-place for the sole of her foot; and agricultural literature will obtain circulation there when the writings of Martin Luther shall become fashionable at Goa. That the palpable gloom of Popish superstition was dissipated by the light and warmth of the Reformation, must be referred to the immediate interposition of Heaven, and not to be accounted for on the ordinary principles which actuate the good peo-

ple of —. We may mention, however, that many of them cast a longing, lingering look, not unmixed with reverence, on certain spots held sacred by their remote ancestors.

When a vow takes place between two young people, it becomes tenfold more sacred if the parties repair to those gigantic Druidical stones above mentioned—one of which is perforated—and grasp each other's hand through the perforation, muttering some Runic rhyme, and interweaving each other's fingers.

One of the most important personages in this parish, twenty years since, was Magnus Harra, a "farmer" of no mean repute, and, let me add, of no mean extraction. Mansie, for that is the provincial appellation, could boast of a Scandinavian descent, uncontaminated by either Gael or Saxon blood; and no Welchman was fonder of tracing his pedigree to Hoel than he was to "count kin" with the aboriginal aristocracy of the earldom. Hence, "at kirk and market, mill or smithy," his favorite topic was discussed with an eloquence which would have made his fortune in the good old time, when a pure scutcheon was preferred to the circulating medium. But Mansie had fallen on evil days and evil tongues. When his venerable father was carried to the "field of graves," he insisted strenuously that the corpse should be interred *inside* the church. This, however, was overruled by the local authorities. Mansie protested—stormed—fleeched—threatened, and entreated by turns; but the die was cast—the authorities were inexorable—the body was "yirded" among the ignoble dead; and seeing there was nothing more to be made of "argle-bargling," like a true philosopher he submitted. What a delightful treat it would have been to some Lothian Triptolemus to have seen him on a vore* morning ploughing his fields, like another Cincinnatus,—drest in a "sheep-black" coat,

* Spring morning.

waistcoat, and inexpressibles, bedizen over with pewter buttons of his own casting—long, lank, sandy hair issuing, unpruned, unshorn, from beneath a broad blue “bannet”—a long bare scraggy neck, bronzed with the suns of forty years—nose somewhat aqualine, with a brown aqueous substance pendant therefrom—upper lip begrimed with a certain titillating powder, vulgarly yeleft “beggar’s snuff;” while his legs were completely enveloped in twisted straw, generally known by the name of “strae boots.” Having never crossed the ass’s bridge I am quite unable to describe mathematically what he dignified with the name of plough. The only way I can give my readers an idea of it is to bid them imagine a large Roman F fallen to the ground, like Dagon before the ark, and they will have some notion of the agricultural implement. As for his horses, they may imagine to themselves three large Newfoundland dogs harnessed together in the manner that a — farmer calls a— “braidband;” yoked by the tails, with a bare-headed, bare-legged Jock Jabos looking fellow “ca’in’”^{*} them; while Mansie herself is leaving behind him certain serpentine lines of beauty which would have endeared him forever to Hogarth and Horace Walpole.

Mansie, having become uncontrolled proprietor of the “lairdship” since the demise of his father, began seriously to look about him for a wife; but true to his principles, and the hereditary pride of his home, he determined to “pop the question” to none but one who could boast of “gentle blude;” and accordingly he fixed his wavering fancy on Miss Euphane —, a lady of a certain age—which means—but I shall leave the explanation of this phrase to my fair readers. —“It is true,” said Mansie, “Miss Effie is neither bra nor bonnie, an’ no owre weel natured, but then she’s o’ the better sort.”

The truth is, she knew little or no-

thing of rural affairs; had heard that the cream she mixed with her tea came from certain quadrupeds vulgarly called “kye;” had a faint notion that butter was produced by churning; and that cheese did not, like potatoes and turnips, grow in the fields. She had spent a great portion of her life in Edinburgh with a maiden aunt, who having bequeathed her a small annuity, she was obliged to reside in the parish of — from motives of economy; spoke according to Lindley Murray; and on great occasions, if she condescended to dance at all, it was “by the beuk.” Such was the lady whom Mansie, “on desperate deed intent,” wished to elevate to his board head; but, alas! the course of true love on this, as on many other occasions, did not run smooth. The lady tossed her head, or, to use a vernacular phrase, “coost up her nose at him,”—would listen to no overtures—spake of people “kenning their distance,” &c. until Mansie’s pride took the alarm, and off he came.

Repulsed thus by the only person in the parish at all equal to him in birth, our hero determined not to commit himself a second time to the caprices of the “softer sex:” he well knew that out of his own district he had no chance with any female having claims to gentility. So, like a wise man, he gave up all “thoughts matrimonial,” and applied himself diligently to his “horses, ploughs, and kye,” indulging himself occasionally in the society of his neighbors during the winter at the “change-house,” talking parish politics with the smith, and discussing knotty points of scripture with the miller. To such perfection did he arrive in controversial divinity, that he fairly dumfounded the dominie, and had even the audacity to attack the minister one stormy winter day when they met at a funeral. No doubt the new ale influenced him to such a deed of desperation; but still there was honor even in being *worsted* by a man that

* Driving.

had been at the college, and a placed minister to boot. "I can neither speak Latin nor Greek, minister; but I maybe ken the *book* as weel as some folk that thinks mair o' themselves. Is it no believin' o' scripture to say that the world is as round as a cassie,* an' gangs whirlin' an' whirlin' round the sun like a fleecch round the lamp? Does na the word say that the world is founded on the waters? Answer me that, minister." And he looked round him with an air of triumph, as much as to say—there is as muckle sense beneath some folk's banners as there is aneath ither folk's hats; whar's your college lear now?

On another occasion Mansie "gathered" with an itinerant preacher; him he considered fair game, and resolved, for the honor of the parish, to put him down. He had pitched his camp in one of Mansie's fields, and congregated a number of the lower orders, to the neglect of their masters' work. The laird assailed him on the impropriety of vagabondizing the country; told him to keep the fervor of his zeal within biggit wa's; and hinted something about the sheriff-court, and action for trespass. The Methodist retorted with many pious ejaculations. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; and he will keep his saints, that a bone of them shall not be broken." "The earth is mine, Sir," exclaimed Mansie, his hereditary pride taking the alarm; "it has been in the family time immemorial; but gin ye want to argufy wi' Scripture, I hae nae objections to that either." So, like two gladiators, each resolved to conquer or perish. Thrust and parry, and parry and thrust, and text met text in dire collision. The preacher thought

he had caught a Tartar, and Mansie thought he had caught a simpleton. At length the preacher, in a solemn tone, and in high metaphor, said, "Magnus! Magnus! you must pull down the old house, and build one on a new foundation." "Sae thrive I, Sir, that's just gin ye hae sillar eneugh; an', mairatour, nae body i' their seven senses wad pu' sic a bonnie house down as Yarple braes." "Ah! Magnus, I speak metaphorically." "The grit end o' speakin', Sir, is to mak' ourselves be understood; and when ye speak o' pu'in' down houses, an' seekin' new stances, why I maun just e'en answer you i' your ain leed." The conversation broke off abruptly. The preacher deemed the fortress of his antagonist's heart impregnable, and Mansie thought the preacher's shot did not *tell*; indeed he said to some of his cronies a day or two afterwards, "That there was nae mair strength in Maist^r Twang's arguments than i' Jenny Twat's sma' drink that had gien nine times through the draff."

Whether the Highland Society, by the united force of example, precept, and premium, may have some effect in improving the farm of "Yarple-braes," we know not. But we are inclined to think that Mansie will adhere most rigidly to the customs of his forefathers, so far as regards ploughing, manuring, sowing, reaping, thrashing, and grinding; and that, in the language of the illustrious Author of *Waverley*, he will

—Keep his customs; what is law itself
But old established custom? What religion
—I mean with one-half of the men that use it—
Save the good use and wont that carries them
To worship how and where their fathers wor-
ship'd?
All things revolve in custom.

THE GREEK SAILOR'S SONG.

'Tis morn, and the tempest no longer is foaming,
I've left my last kiss on my Hardee's cheek;
Then, far from the chains of the Mussulman roaming,
Let me seek the blue wave in my little caique.

* Vide Dr. Jamieson.

The Last Lay of an Invalid.—To a Lady weeping.

When high on the surge of the ocean I'm soaring,
 When sinks the proud ship 'midst the mariner's shriek,
 Unhurt by the tempest so fearfully roaring,
 I glide lightly by in my little caïque.

I leave thee, my country ! all blighted and lonely,
 Thy shores are defenceless, thy sons are all weak,
 But wherever I wander my heart shall bemoan thee,
 As I sing to the oar of my little caïque.

Though 'tis long since the name of the Helots has perish'd,
 Their spirit still lingers in every Greek :
 Though blighted the hopes I so fondly have cherish'd,
 Yet liberty breathes in my little caïque.

Could our ancestors think, while the Persian was flying,
 That their sons could look down on their chains and be meek ?
 Could they think, while for freedom the Spartan was dying,
 That freedom would end in a little caïque ?

My country ! oh ! how canst thou turn to that hour,
 Nor hasten thy wrath on each despot to wreak ?
 Awake—and throw off the proud Ottoman's power,
 Let Greece be as free as my little caïque.

THE LAST LAY OF AN INVALID.

ONE gleam was in the western sky,
 The lingering flush of dying day ;
 I turned to it with tearful eye,
 It was so like my own decay !
 And then I knew my spirit gave
 A bright—but 'twas a passing gleam ;
 And deeply felt my hope to live
 Was but like morning's idle dream !

Well, if this frame to dust return,
 As sinks yon sun on ocean's breast,
 Still will the spirit's lustre burn
 As morning comes from forth its rest ;
 Yea,—and even yet before 'tis hid
 Even for the hour which death we name,
 'Tis thus it gives, as sunset did,
 One flash—the taper's latest flame !

TO A LADY WEeping.

(From the Arabic of Ebn Alurumi, in the Ninth Century.)

BY PROFESSOR CARLYLE.

WHEN I beheld thy blue eye shine
 Through the bright drop that pity drew,
 I saw beneath those tears of thine
 A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.
 The violet ever scents the gale,
 Its hues adorn the fairest wreath ;
 But sweetest through a dewy veil
 Its colors glow, its odors breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise,
 When wit and pleasure round thee
 play ;
 When Mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
 Who but admires their sprightly ray ?
 But when through Pity's flood they
 gleam,
 Who but must LOVE their softened beam ?

TURLEY, THE GERMAN ORGAN-BUILDER.

A SINGULAR instance of successful self-instruction is afforded by the late Johan Tobias Turley, the German organ-builder. This ingenious man

was the son of a peasant, and was born at Treuenbriezen on the 4th August, 1773. On the death of his father, which happened when he was

twelve years old, in compliance with the wish of his mother, he learnt the trade of a baker ; but at that time, so great was his inclination and aptitude for music and mechanics, that he devoted all his leisure hours to those pursuits. His greatest delight was to make instruments to facilitate the labors of the household. In 1793 he became a master baker and burghess of his native place, and, without neglecting his business, pursued his favorite occupations with greater diligence than ever. He made pipes for musical clocks, and having bought an old worn-out organ, he took it to pieces, and constructed a new one. This instrument still exists in the church of Brackwitz, near Treuenbriezen. The success he had already met with encouraged him to further exertions, and he undertook the repairing of several organs gratuitously. In 1814, he abandoned altogether the baking business, and devoted himself entirely to an art which he had acquired without any instruction, and by the mere force of his observation, talent, reflection, and indefatigable industry. Even the instruments necessary for his use were of his own invention ; and among these the press-machine, which contributed so greatly to expedite his labors and give durability to his organs, particularly deserves to be mentioned.

In 1816, Turley was called by the government of Potsdam, to build a new organ for Hohenbruch, near Cremen, under the supervision of the music-director and organ-builder, Herr Wilke, of Neu Ruppın. It was to this disinterested patron and encourager of the ingenious in general, that Turley was indebted on this occasion for the first important hint for the perfection of the art in which he afterwards made such great progress, that every new work surpassed the one which had preceded it.

Turley had constantly great difficul-

ty to content himself with the smoothness of the metal plates for his pipes, and to such a pitch was his fastidiousness in this respect carried, that in 1823 he caused upwards of a hundred weight of metal plates to be melted down, bearing the loss himself. Herr Wilke, who on this occasion gave a new proof of his disinterested attachment to the arts, advised him to procure the required evenness to the metal plates by means of a cylindrical machine ; and on that hint, Turley went to Berlin, visited different machines of the kind in the city, made a sketch of a new one, and afterwards a model of it in wood ; and from this an engine suited for his purpose was cast in the Royal Foundry in Berlin. He spent two years in bringing his machine to perfection, and in seeking the best material in which to cast his plates in moulds of small size. He remarked, however, that the best cast plates, even when they came forth most smooth and perfect, had need of an especial stretching machine ; and such an instrument also he invented which exactly answered his purpose. He thenceforth, until the time of his death, devoted himself, might and main, and regardless of expense, to the production of perfect organs. Of these he built twenty to the satisfaction of all connoisseurs. The largest formed with cylindrical pipes, is that of Joachimsthal, which has twelve registers. He completed besides the repairing of thirty other organs, and was engaged in the construction of two great ones for Perleberg and Pritzwalk at the time of his death by apoplexy, which happened in April last. His son Frederick, who for the previous three years had worked and assisted his father, is charged with the completion of the organs which the deceased had commenced, under a testimonial as to his capacity from the before-mentioned Herr Wilke.

THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the *harvest* of reflection home."

THE MOREA.

THE Morea contains a superficies of about 7500 Italian square miles, and a circumference of 600 miles. There are five principal bays, besides the Gulfs of Lepanto and Ægina, viz. Patras, Arcadia, Coron, Kolokithia, and Napoli di Romania. The last bay has a good port on the eastern side of the Peninsula, and Navarin presents an equally good one on the western. For merchant vessels, Patalidi in the Gulf of Coron, Anciro Schila in a small island of that name, Napoli di Malvasia, Vostizza, Lampridia, and other ports, offer good havens. The number of fortified places is ten:—the castle of the Morea on the right on entering the Gulf of Lepanto, that of Chiarenza, called Castel Tornese, the old and new fortresses of Navarino, the citadel of Corinth, and those of Modon, Coron, Napoli di Malvasia, and Napoli di Romania. The territory of Sycionia, of Elis, of a great part of Messenia, of Laconia, and Arcadia, produces much grain, oil, and fruit of every kind. Argolis, Messenia, and Arcadia, are well adapted for pasturage if the natives would profit by the natural advantages; the oil of itself would suffice to make the country rich. The olive tree is indigenous; it grows spontaneously in all parts, forming woods of two or three miles in extent. Corinth is renowned for its grapes, yet the wine it produces is but of middling quantity; the best wine of the Morea is that of the environs of Misitra. The mulberry prospers in the Peninsula, yet the cultivation of silk is far from being carried to any perfection. Agriculture in general is in a very backward state; the inhabitants have but little improved in this respect on the ancient usages of their ancestors. Much cotton, rice, and tobacco, might be produced for export. The fine cotton of the Morea is said to surpass that of Salonica and Smyrna.

SHAVING IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

Formerly, the beard was sometimes plucked out by the roots, shaved off with a shark's tooth, or removed with the edges of two shells, acting like the blades of a pair of scissors, by cutting against each other; while by some it was allowed to grow, sometimes twisting and braiding it together. These fashions, however, have all disappeared, and the beard is generally shaved at least once a week, and by the chiefs more frequently. These cut their whiskers rather singularly sometimes, and leave a narrow strip of their beard on the upper lip, resembling mustachios: the greater part, however, remove the beard altogether, which must often be no easy task. There are no barbers by profession, yet every man is not his own barber, but contrives to shave his neighbor, and is in return shaved by him. Some of the most ludicrous scenes ever exhibited in the islands occur while they are thus employed. Only a few of the chiefs are so far advanced in civilization as to use soap: the farmers cannot understand how it can help to remove the beard; they therefore dispense with it altogether. When the edge of the razor or knife is adjusted, the person to undergo the operation, in order to be quite stationary, lies flat on his back on the ground, sometimes in his house, at other times under the shade of a tree, and his friend kneels down over him, and commences his labor. When he has finished, he lays himself down, and the man who is shaved gets up and performs the same office for his friend. Sometimes the razor becomes rather dull, and something more than a little additional strength is necessary. A whetstone is then applied to the edge; but if this is not at hand, the man gets up half-shaved, and they go together to the nearest grindstone: and I have beheld that the transition from the grindstone

to the chin is sometimes direct, without any intermediate application to the edge of the razor. The hone and the strap, however, have been introduced, and ere long will probably supersede the use of the grindstone and whetstone.—*Ellis's Polynesian Res.*

CHESS PLAYING IN HOLLAND.

On the 26th of April, 1826, the chess clubs of Amsterdam and Rotterdam commenced a game by correspondence, which was decided in favor of the former after thirty-four letters. The revenge game was also decided in the same number of moves in favor of the Amsterdam Club. The two games lasted until December of the same year. The news of the victory excited the envy of the Antwerp Club, which sent a challenge to that at Amsterdam. The defiance was accepted, but the Amsterdam Club again came off victorious in two games; the first of which was begun in April, 1827, and the second ended on the 8th of February, 1829, by a letter in which the Antwerp Club confessed the superiority of their antagonists. The Amsterdam Club now defy "all the world;" and it is expected that the amateurs of the Café de la Régence will take up the gauntlet. The moves of the four Dutch games have been published in a Netherlandish journal entitled the *Vaderlandische Letteroefeningen*.

FROZEN FISH REANIMATED.

Lieut. Alexander lately heard from an officer who had served in Canada, a fact which is said to be well known in that country. His informant told him that in winter the Canadian fishermen erect huts on the ice of the lakes and rivers, and cutting a hole in the ice, enclose it with a screen of straw, &c. to shelter themselves from the cold wind. Sitting inside the screen, they sink their hooks through the hole made in the ice. The person who gave this information said that he had frequently fished in this manner, and that amongst the other fish which he caught were perch in abundance. After hauling them up, he threw them

aside on the ice, where they were speedily frozen quite hard. He used then to take them home, and placing the perch in water near the fire, in a short time they began to exhibit symptoms of reanimation: the fins first quivered, the gills opened, the fish gradually turned itself over, moved at first slowly about the basin, and at last completely revived, and swam briskly about. This experiment was often tried.—*Edin. New Phil. Journ.*

The resuscitation of flies after being drowned has been familiar to us since the days of Franklin. The perch is of a higher order in the scale of existence. Perhaps an animal of a still higher order, a bird for example, might be frozen and brought to life again. If so, why might not a quadruped, which is scarcely higher? and if a quadruped, why might not man? A series of experiments on this subject would at all events be interesting; and among the many improvements with which the future is pregnant, we may look forward to the period when a man, tired of existence, will make a voyage to Spitsbergen or Nova Zembla, there to be frozen, and again brought to life at some distant epoch, when the world, instead of jogging heavily along on her old creaking wheels, will be whirled in joyous celerity by the united agency of steam and electricity.

VELOCITY OF SOUND PER SECOND.

Experiments were made on this subject by MM. Myrbach and Stampfer. The distance tried was 35,601 French feet, in which the difference of level was 4198 feet; eighty-eight trials were made, the mean of which gave 1025.9 feet as the velocity of sound in a second, at the temperature of 32 degrees, Fahr. thermometer.

FRICTION OF SCREWS AND SCREW-PRESSES.

An examination of the friction in screws having their threads of various forms, has led M. Poncelet to this very important conclusion, namely, that the friction in screws with square

threads is to that of equal screws with triangular threads, as 2.90 to 4.78, proving a very important advantage of the former over the latter, relative to the loss of power incurred in both by friction.

SILK-WORMS.

The Society of Domestic Economy in France have, at the suggestion of Count Lasteyrie, offered several premiums for the cultivation of mulberry trees, in different parts of France where they are now planted, for the purpose of feeding silk-worms. The count asserts that silk-worms may be reared, and fine silk procured from them, in almost every part of France; and he states that a sample of silk produced in the North of France was pronounced by some Milanese manufacturers to be better than their own. The value of the raw silk used in France annually is 112 millions of francs, of which to the value of only 15 or 16 millions is of French production: so that nearly 100 millions of francs are paid annually for foreign silk. It appears that in Flanders, and at Berlin, the cultivation of silk is carried on to a great extent, and with decided success.

TO PREVENT MILK TURNING SOUR.

We are told that if we put into a dish of milk about a tea-spoonful of the infusion of wild horse-radish, it may then be preserved sweet for several days, either in the open air or in a cellar.

STEAM ENGINES.

At a meeting in the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Mr. Webster stated that there is a steam engine in Cornwall of 600 horse power! There are at least 15,000 steam engines at work in England; if each is averaged at 25 horse power, then they are equal to 375,000 horses; each horse requires two acres to keep it one year, which in all makes 750,000 acres of land gained by Great Britain. Mr. Watt says $5\frac{1}{2}$ men are equal in power to one horse; therefore the 15,000 engines are equal to nearly two millions of men.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE first volume of Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland was announced for publication on the 31st of October.

"A Manual for the Economy of the Human Body, of Health and Disease;" comprehending a concise view of the Structure of the Human Frame, its most prevalent Diseases, and ample Directions for the regulation in Diet; Regimen and Treatment of Children and the Aged, &c. is preparing for publication.

The Diary and Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge, referred to some time since in our literary notices, has been published in London, and is spoken of in the Literary Gazette (the only English journal we have yet received which has noticed it) as a work full of amusement and instruction. From the extracts there given we should judge its perusal will excite some surprise in the minds of those who have been conversant with the religious works only of this celebrated divine. We hope to be able to give in our next number a more particular account of the contents of this work, with interesting extracts.

Herbert Milton has been translated into German by Mr. Richards (formerly a lieutenant in the Hanoverian service); and the same gentleman is now employed on *De-vireux*, having already given *Pelham* and the *Disowned* a German dress. These translations, though stiff and destitute of grace and elegance, are very popular in Germany.

A History of China, translated from the Chinese of Choo-Foo-Tsze, by P. P. Thoms, many years resident at Macao in China, is announced for early publication. It is stated to commence with the reign of Fuh-he, according to Chinese chronology B. C. 3000, and to reach the reign of Minte, A. D. 300, including a period of 3300 years.

The Annual Gem announces contributions from many celebrated English writers. The thirteen embellishments are under the direction of A. Cooper, and all from eminent living painters of the British school, and engraved by distinguished artists.

In addition to the new Annuals mentioned in our last, we notice advertisements of the two following:—

A Juvenile Annual, to be called the Zoological Keepsake, treating its zoological topics in a light conversational manner, varied by anecdotes and a share of humorous poetry and description; the embellishments to consist of engravings from drawings by Cruikshank, Landseer, Baynes, Saunders, &c. &c.

Fire-side Lyrics; a Musical Annual, consisting of Vocal Music, Quadrilles, and Waltzes, composed by F. J. Klose. The Poetry by the late Lord Byron, Edw. Knight, Esq. &c. &c. Embellished with highly finished Lithographic Engravings.

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